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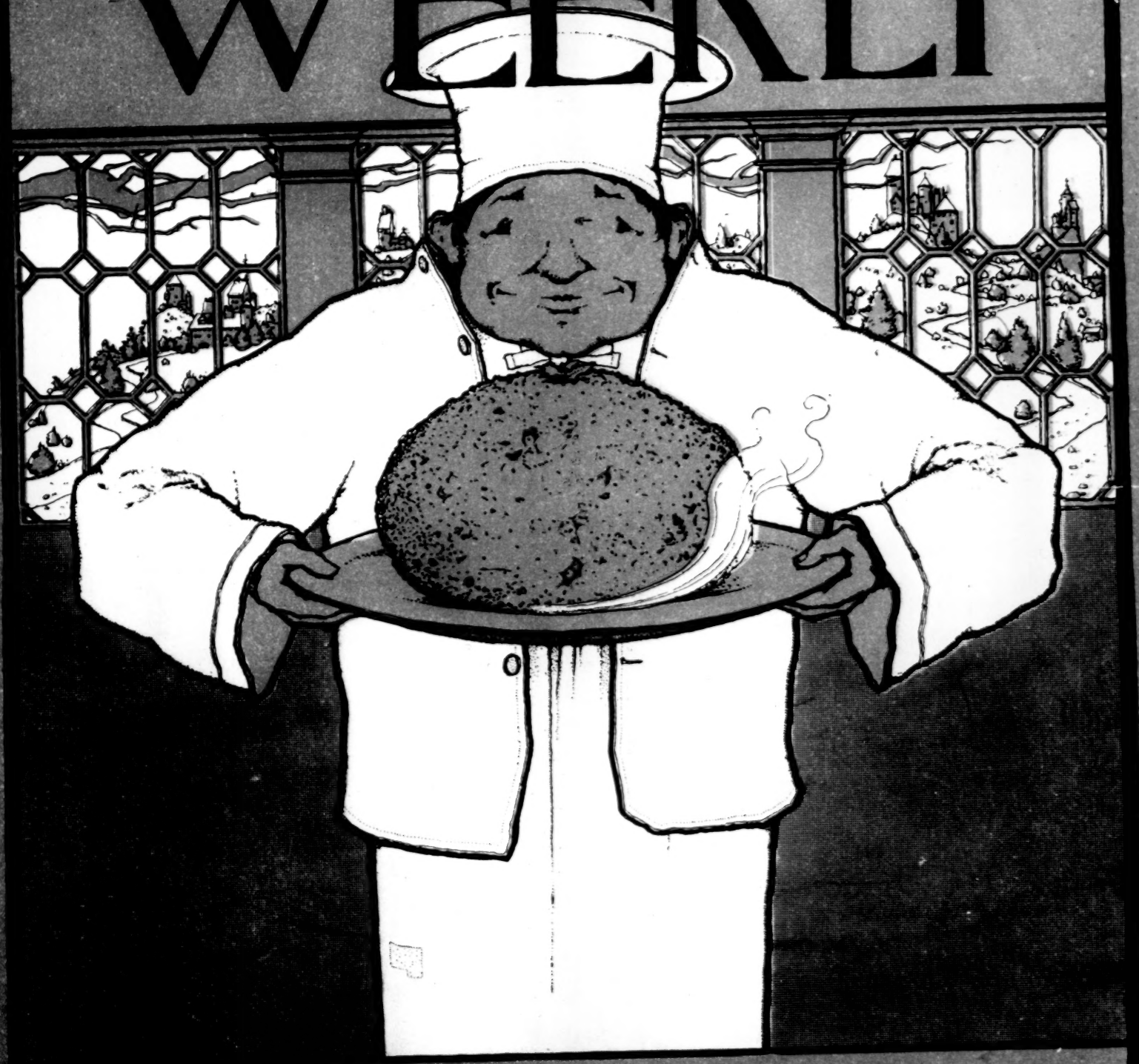

CHRISTMAS

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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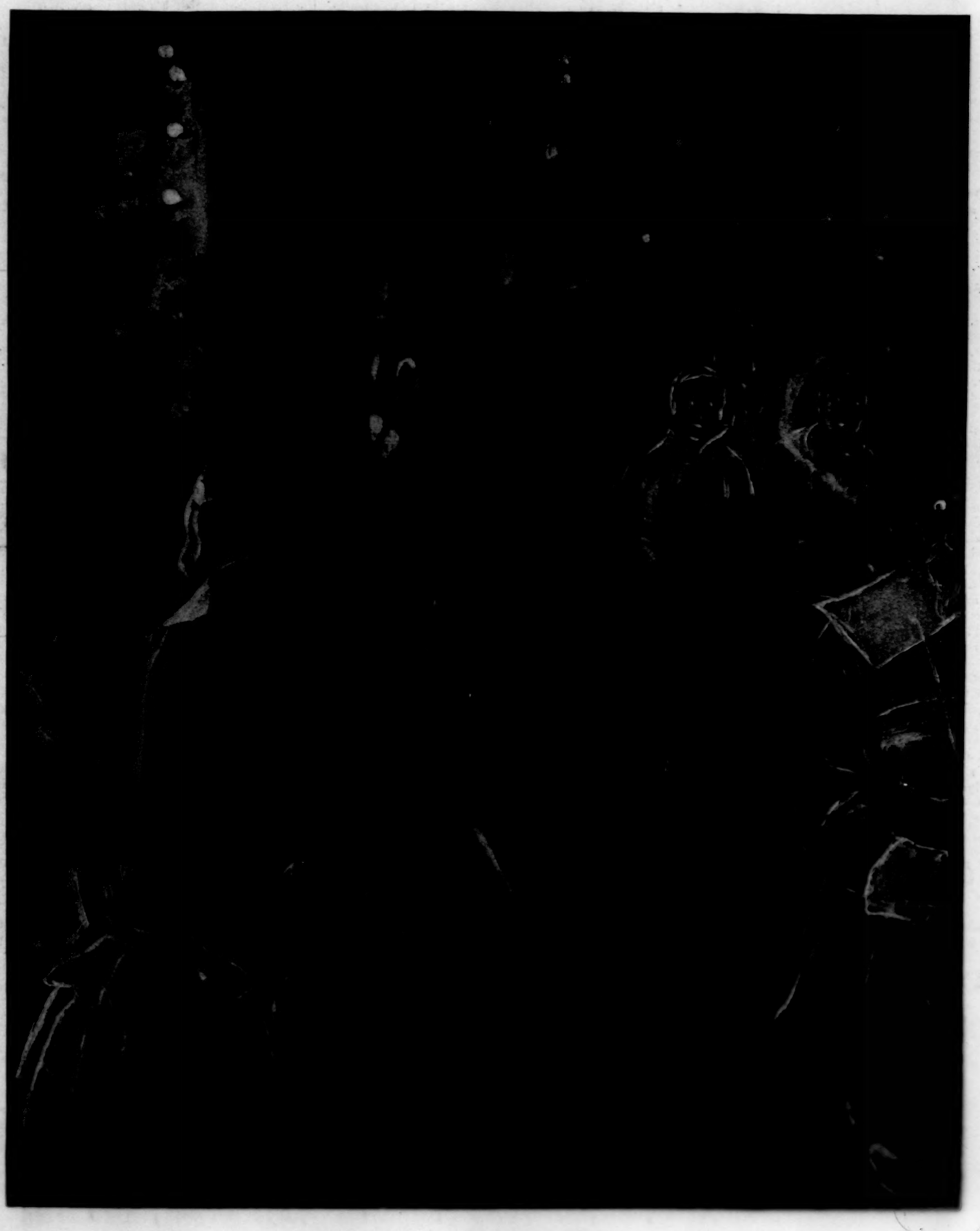

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT.

NEW YORK'S ORIGINAL RESIDENTS INSPECT THE SHOP WINDOWS AT MIDNIGHT.—[DRAWN BY F. S. SCHELL.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(THIRTY-SIX PAGES WITH ILLUMINATED COVER.)

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FOREIGN POLICY IN THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

TO the Jingoes the President's message has been a disappointment in two ways. It has not advised a declaration of war, nor has it indulged in offensive language, against any foreign power. Neither has it, on the other hand, "lowered the American flag" or counselled a "base surrender of American rights" in any case of difference. The President has simply discussed matters on which the opinions of the government of the United States differ from those of others, in that calm, courteous, and self-respecting tone in which gentlemen discuss such matters with other gentlemen. He does not strut about like a swaggering bully carrying a chip on his shoulder, and defying the world to knock it off, but he gives the world clearly enough to understand that positions taken without bluster will be maintained with firmness.

The boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana has been taken advantage of by our hot-heads to raise exciting outcries about British rapacity, and the failure of the CLEVELAND administration to enforce the MONROE doctrine. The President silences those cries by a plain statement of what he has done. He has said to Great Britain "that the traditional and established policy of this government is firmly opposed to a forcible increase by any European power of its territorial possessions on this continent, and that this policy is as well founded in principle as it is strongly supported by numerous precedents." This is the MONROE doctrine to all its original intents and purposes. President CLEVELAND then goes on to set forth how this doctrine is to be applied to the case in question: "As a consequence the United States is bound to protest against the enlargement of the area of British Guiana in derogation of the rights and against the will of Venezuela." As to what the rights of Venezuela are, he does not, however, prejudge the case. He seeks a peaceable solution of the question, thus: "Considering the disparity in strength of Great Britain and Venezuela, the territorial dispute between them can be reasonably settled only by friendly and impartial arbitration, and the resort to such arbitration should include the whole controversy, and is not satisfied if one of the powers concerned is permitted to draw an arbitrary line through the territory in debate, and to declare that it will submit to arbitration only the portion lying on one side of it."

This position was taken by President CLEVELAND, in compliance with a resolution passed by Congress at its last session, in a despatch communicated to the British government in July last. It was, of course, taken with the risk that the British government, after having advanced its territorial claims as to the Guiana boundary with so much positiveness, would not be in a hurry to accept our view of the case in its entirety. This, however, would not necessarily involve a danger of serious complications. Aside from the inherent fairness of the proposition to submit the whole question in dispute to impartial arbitrators, which the British government will find at last no dishonor in agreeing to, it is hard to see how Great Britain, considering the threatening state of affairs in Europe and Asia, can afford to get into a serious quarrel with the United States. In view of all this it would be neither generous nor wise on our part to press Great Britain without necessity to the point of humiliation. We should treat Great Britain as under similar circumstances we should wish to be treated ourselves. While maintaining the ground we have taken, we should make the acceptance of our proposition as easy to Great Britain as the interests involved will permit. This will be good statesmanship, in its firm as well as conciliatory spirit worthy of the power and dignity of this republic. That the President should submit to Congress all foreign questions that may in any way take a critical aspect is a matter of course. It might be an instructive object-lesson to see our Jingoes there try their hands at a problem of practical statesmanship with full responsibility. But the American people would no doubt with much greater confidence leave this matter to be managed by President CLEVELAND'S administration.

What President CLEVELAND says of the other "burning" subject, the conflict in Cuba, is equally judicious. That the Cuban insurgents, fighting to be rid of the heavy burdens they have so long borne, should find warm popular sympathy in this country he recognizes as natural, and he makes no effort to conceal the fact that this sympathy is shared by himself. He also expresses the earnest hope "that the devastation of armed conflict may speedily be stayed, and order and quiet restored to the distracted island." Yet sympathy and hope are one thing, and "the plain duty of the government to observe in good faith the recognized obligations of international relationship" is another. This duty he is firmly determined to fulfil, and he calls upon the people not to make its performance more difficult "by a disregard on the part of our citizens of the obligations growing out of this allegiance to their country, which should restrain them from violating, as individuals, the neutrality which the nation is bound to observe in its relations to friendly sovereign states." This admonition is obviously in the line of the President's duty, and every good citizen will respect it. He says nothing about recognizing the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, for the simple reason that, at present, such a recognition would certainly not be justified by the facts.

While he speaks of the recent troubles in Hawaii, and of the steps taken to protect American citizens there, not one of his words can be construed as an allusion, one way or the other, to the annexation question. That scheme may indeed be considered as practically defunct, for the present at least. But he does call the attention of Congress again to the Samoan muddle into which a temporary Jingo ebullition betrayed us, and asks for such "legislative action or expression as will lead the way to our relief from obligations both irksome and unnatural." Indeed, this absurd Samoan business may well serve as a warning example to keep us from meddling with distant enterprises which may flatter our fancy but do not concern us.

On the whole, every occasion is taken advantage of in this message to plead for arbitration as the proper mode for settling international difficulties, and it is by the constant advocacy and employment of this method that this republic will win in the family of nations the proud position which best befits it — that of the great peace power of the world.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

THE President has again urged Congress to do its duty with respect to the money question. This is not the first time that he has urged the legislative branch of the government to pass some practical measure for relieving the Treasury from the banking obligations that the gold-demand paper—greenbacks and Treasury notes—impose upon it. Judging from some remarks purporting to have been made by Senator ALLISON, and by some less important persons, like Senator LODGE, Representative CANNON, and others, the Republicans in Congress are again inclined to postpone the needs of the country to what they regard as the exigencies of their party. Last year, acting largely under the advice of Mr. REED, the Republicans refused to accept a plan offered by the President, who had made it part of his agreement with the bond syndicate, by which 3 per cent. gold bonds might have been substituted for the 4 per cents which the syndicate took in return for the gold that they sold to the government. This was the second time within the year that the President had asked Congress to come to the relief of the Treasury by authorizing the issue of low-rate bonds payable in gold. It was clear that some such power was needed, for the unnatural and extra-constitutional position into which the government had been forced by its efforts to maintain a gold reserve for the protection of its paper issues had not only resulted in its own embarrassment, but in a timorous and doubting state of mind among bankers and other business men that, in its turn, produced distress and panic, disturbed all business relations, and checked not only the growth but the maintenance of prosperity. It was clear, too, that the state of the gold reserve had become the barometer of our national credit.

There are only two methods of meeting the present condition of affairs. One is by increased taxation, which will produce a larger revenue than is required for the expenses of the government. The other is the method recommended by the President, the retirement of the paper demand notes by the issue of low-rate and long-time bonds. These are the alternatives presented to the government for the relief of the Treasury and for the final determination of the amount of the interest-bearing debt contracted for the maintenance of the demand notes.

The raids on the Treasury gold are made possible, it is true, by the deficiency of revenue. If the Secretary were receiving by taxation of the people large sums beyond the requirements of the government, he might purchase gold in the market for the replenishment of his gold reserve. The gold reserve would, of course, need replenishment so long as the conditions of trade and commerce were against this country, and so long as our paper demand notes existed as a convenient means for draining the Treasury of its gold. What would be the effect, however, of the adoption of the first of the alternatives? In the first place, taxation would have to be increased to a point which would yield a larger revenue than the government requires; this is a fundamental and fatal objection to the plan. Taxes ought not to yield excessive revenues. When they do, they are the result of an unjust and a tyrannical exercise of the taxing power. Moreover, excessive taxation and consequent excessive revenues have already resulted in the extravagant appropriations that have brought about the deficiency that is now adding to the business troubles of the country, extravagance that was inaugurated by the House of Representatives over which Mr. REED first presided as Speaker. Besides, it is evident from the present course of the revenues that the annual deficiency will soon disappear if Congress shall refrain from further increases of expenditure. That being out of the way, it would be the height of folly for Congress to store up money against the time that gold might be needed for the reserve, while maintaining the means whereby the gold could at any time be drawn from the Treasury. Stated in its broadest way, the proposition to maintain the reserve by purchase of gold amounts to this: Since February, 1894, the government has been obliged, because of the existence of the paper demand notes, to procure $162,000,000 in gold. In other words, it has required an expenditure of more than $80,000,000 a year to keep a reserve against the greenbacks, and it is proposed that the people shall be yearly overtaxed by an amount indicated by this enormous sum for the further preservation of a currency that has resulted so disastrously to our business interests, and has so seriously damaged the national credit.

On the other hand, it is proposed that the paper demand notes shall be retired at once. It is true that while they constitute a debt against the government, it is a non-interest-bearing debt, and that in order to redeem them about $500,000,000 would be added to our interest-bearing debt. But that addition would bear a low rate of interest, the bonds would be payable after a long interval of time, and they might be used as a basis for additional bank circulation. Moreover, that sum would not add to the principal of our aggregate debt, the greenbacks and Treasury notes representing debt, while the redemption of this paper would put an end to the further increase of the public debt on account of this currency, part of which was brought into being as a temporary expedient of war, while the rest is the living relic of ineffective but expensive legislation enacted for the purpose of increasing the price of silver bullion.

The actual expense of the greenbacks has been enormous. Mr. CARLISLE has shown their cost to the government, and Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, in an article published recently in the WEEKLY, has demonstrated that the cost to the people has been in the neighborhood of at least $2,000,000,000. There has been added to the interest-bearing debt of the country the sum of $95,500,000 in bonds issued for the purpose of obtaining a gold reserve, and of $162,315,400 for the purpose of replenishing it after its successive exhaustions through the employment of the demand paper. Since the expiration of the time during which, under its contract with the government, the syndicate was obliged to exert itself to prevent the exportation of gold, nearly $30,000,000 of gold has been taken out of the Treasury, some of it for exportation abroad and some of it for hoarding at home. On the 1st of December the gold reserve amounted to $79,333,966, and if Congress does not act, another issue of four per cent.

bonds will be necessary, and further business disturbances will follow, perhaps more serious than any that have yet been experienced by the victims of Congressional incapacity or by partisan indifference to the needs of the country.

What currency shall take the place of that which will be retired is a matter which Congress may deal with after it has released the Treasury from the banking obligations that are now costing it and the country such enormous sums. For the present and the immediate future the adoption of the President's recommendations for the increase of the national-bank circulation will furnish the country with as much circulation as it needs—with more, in fact, than its business has shown the capacity to employ.

The question that immediately confronts Congress is as to the relief needed by the Treasury. There is only one way to give this, and that way the President has pointed out. To tax the people in order to raise money to buy gold at a premium from those who are now hoarding it is an idea that ought not to be entertained for a moment. The only other way is to put an end to the demand paper, to relieve the Treasury of the necessity of maintaining a gold reserve, and to thereby stop this unprofitable increase of the interest-bearing public debt. In this way all its resources would be available for meeting the demands upon the government, and the factitious barometer of national credit would no longer exist to breed distrust and panic. Commerce would then rest upon its own merits, and prosperity would increase or diminish in obedience to natural laws.

The President has done his part; it remains for the Republican majority to do its. Twice within the year, as we have already said, it has preferred to consider the exigencies of the party rather than the needs of the country; will it continue to do so in the face of the President's demonstration of the path out of our difficulties? Is the administration to stand alone as the guardian of the public interests? Is it to remain the sole safeguard of the general welfare? It is for Congress to say. And if Congress continues to act as it acted last winter, it ought not to excite wonder if the "third-term talk" increase in volume and in force.

EDIBLE TOADSTOOLS AND MUSHROOMS.

AT the very beginning of his book on *Our Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Mr. W. HAMILTON GIBSON places a striking quotation from Dr. C. D. BADHAM, an eminent English mycologist. If half of what Dr. BADHAM says be true, and Mr. GIBSON seems to think it is better than that, the study of mushrooms is of such great economic value that every one who advances our knowledge of these delicious fungi is deserving of public gratitude. This is what Dr. BADHAM wrote: "Whole hundredweights of rich, wholesome diet rotting under the trees; woods teeming with food, and not one hand to gather it; and this, perhaps, in the midst of poverty and all manner of privations and public prayers against imminent famine."

There are few readers of the WEEKLY who have not tasted the edible mushroom, and probably few will be surprised to learn that the woods, pastures, gardens, and barn-yards of the country contain much excellent and neglected food. There is widespread fear of the deadly "toadstool," and an equally widespread consciousness that this fear is depriving us not only of much gastronomical enjoyment, but of much substantial nourishment that may be obtained for nothing, to the great lessening of our butchers' bills. And yet there must also exist a consciousness that the ignorance of fungi, on which this fear rests, is something that could easily be enlightened, for the most timorous will buy with confidence mushrooms that have been gathered by children, and that are peddled in the village street.

It must be conceded that the general welfare would be promoted if the general ignorance concerning fungi should be dissipated, and this end Mr. GIBSON has undertaken to accomplish in a book that is a charming bit of art and literature, as well as a guide to the edible mushroom and toadstool, and a warning against the species that are wholly or partially poisonous. The book itself is filled with plates, colored and black and white, and an expert mycologist who studies the pictures carefully will say that they alone will prove an infallible guide. But the cuts are accompanied by an interesting and luminous text, one with which pleasant evenings as well as profitable days may be spent.

It will surprise many a fearful lover of mushrooms to learn that there is no difference between them and toadstools, and that the old and widely known popular rules for finding out whether a given specimen is or is not poisonous are valueless. The subject is difficult as well as interesting, and Mr. GIBSON says that while it is impossible to teach the unlearned the distinction between all the poisonous and all the edible species, there are some well-marked and widely distributed varieties that can easily be so explained to the ordinary person who is able to read only the most patent signs. And so he has undertaken to show in pictures and by text the most poisonous variety, to warn the ignorant against any that bear resemblance to it, and thirty edible toadstools and mushrooms. Any one following this book may largely add a free and delicious store to his larder. He will not have at his command all of the one hundred and fifty varieties which are known to exist, nor even the "forty odd" in which Mr. GIBSON rejoices, but to know thirty that grow near at hand, thirty that may be safely eaten, will be a great boon to most of us.

CHRISTMAS.

THE writer of a contemporaneous story puts in the mouth of a clever character the remark that happiness is impossible until one has got rid of his ideals. If that were true, it would give grounds for increased thankfulness that happiness is not essential to good living, and that mankind is not under an inevitable obligation to attain it. But of course the observation was not one that was meant to be a vehicle of absolute truth, but rather to evoke a closer approximation to the eternal verities out of the hearer's mind. But even to do that, a remark must at least have a suggestion of truth about it, and this one about ideals and happiness has that. For it is conceivable that a man should not be of much use, and therefore not particularly happy, until he is so far freed from the tyranny of what he wants to do as to settle down to the accomplishment of what he can do. Moreover, while a man who has effectually got rid of his ideals is of little account, there is a property in man that is akin to ideals, and yet not identical with them, which can be spared without detriment to his higher nature, and with very considerable advantage to his practical side. It would seem that a certain decay of one's interest in one's self as an individual is an indispensable condition precedent to the full development of a salutary interest in one's self as a fellow-creature. A man must be interested in himself if he is to amount to anything, but it is possible for the individual interest to dwindle while the human interest develops, and in the very greatest men that process is usually found to have taken place.

The application of which is, firstly, that we are not to allow our ideal of what Christmas ought to be, and of how we ought to spend it, to discourage us from tackling it as we actually find it, and getting as much out of it as we can. And secondly, that Christmas is the time of all the year most fit for our interest in ourselves as individuals to be supplanted by an interest in ourselves as fellow-creatures.

Wherefore, because our ideal of Christmas feasting is terrapin and canvas-back duck, let us not disdain turkey, which is just as filling, and better fare no doubt than we deserve. Because our ideal of Christmas-giving is point, lace and diamonds, let us not scorn the modest remembrances that our pocket may be able to endure. And if as individuals, with exalted ideals, we may have become careless of Christmas pleasures and opportunities and obligations, let us change our point of view, and regard ourselves merely as one of divers fellow-creatures whose Christmas happiness it is our business to promote. It is an axiom that to make things pleasant for one's fellow-creatures is the way to have fun. If we lump ourselves in as a fellow-creature with as many other fellow-creatures as we can reach, by making Christmas joyous for the whole lot, we are bound to cheer ourselves among the rest. And so by getting rid of part of our ideals we may continue to make the rest so productive as to make us suspect before we get through that it was not a true ideal at all that we parted from, but only one phase of our selfishness.

THE UNKNOWN TONGUE.

THE committee of the overseers of Harvard College on composition and rhetoric have felt themselves compelled to issue a second report on the lamentable ignorance of English which they still find in the compositions of those who are entering college, and Professor GOODWIN has made this report the subject of an admirable letter on the condition of English instruction in our schools.

It does not need the authority of Harvard College to convince us that a thorough education in the English language is very rare in this country, and that the use of good English is the exception rather than the rule. This is only natural in a society so largely mixed with foreign elements from the poorer populations of Europe, and it is also partly the result of deficiency in our educational advantages at an earlier day.

But the young men who go up to pass the entrance examinations at Harvard, or at any other of the great colleges, are a special and selected class. They belong to the intellectual aristocracy of the country. When we are told that the ignorance of English among these chosen and favored few is lamentable, the situation is indeed serious.

It becomes only more serious when we follow Professor GOODWIN back from the gates of the college, through the academy, and into the preparatory school. Here the professor stops, but he leaves a feeling that he has not traced the evil to its source. The sad truth, the real difficulty, is that bad habits of English are formed before the child goes to school.

This is lamentable and in every way regrettable. No living language is richer, stronger, sweeter, or better adapted to every purpose than English, and failure to appreciate it or to utilize it to its highest capacity is a reproach under which we should not be willing to rest. To call attention to this reproach is the beginning of its removal, and the continuance of the work should be the congenial duty of all lovers of good English.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Christmas Muse, who used to be so readily entreated by the writers of holiday literature at this season, has just paid me what seemed at first a most reluctant visit. Her air was in fact so perfunctory that I suspected at once she had called at the instigation of the editor of this periodical, who has the idea that Life and Letters should erase for the moment their furrows of deep thought, and all their Rhadamanthine severity, and wreath themselves in smiles befitting the joyous Yule-tide. There was not only this unmistakable reluctance on the part of a Muse once so obliging; but there was something in her presence which made it difficult for the department to affect even an expectation of help from her. I could not fail to observe that she had come, against all custom and tradition, quite empty-handed, and there was a very notable absence of holly and mistletoe in her make-up. She wore, in very modest colors, to be sure, a decided suit of knickerbockers; and glancing out of the ten-story cot in which I live, I saw that she had arrived on a

wheel, which she had left leaning against the brownstone portico of the cottage, a hundred feet below. I begged her to be seated, however, and I averted my gaze as much as I could from her neatly gaitered ankles, while I tried to engage her in general conversation. But I find that it is always difficult to launch the mind upon topics of speculative interest on meeting a lady in knickerbockers; and it was certainly a relief to my embarrassment when the Christmas Muse, with a strictly businesslike air, recalled me from the polite aberrations I began to fall into.

I.

"I understand," said the Muse, "that you wish me to inspire you with some sort of literature appropriate to the season."

"Why, yes," I replied. "I can't say that I originated the wish myself, though I—"

"No matter," said the Christmas Muse. "It's quite the same thing. What kind of inspiration do you prefer?"

"What kind?" I repeated. "Why the usual Christmas brand, I suppose. But," I ventured, "I don't see exactly how you are to manage it without 'the crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy,' and a 'kind of throne of turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch that make the chamber dim with their delicious steam.'"

The Christmas Muse frowned impatiently. "You can't carry those things about with you on a—"

"Don't!" I interrupted, for I feared what was coming.

"Bike," said the Christmas Muse, unsparingly. "And it isn't at all necessary to have them, any more."

"Not necessary! How am I to effect the moral reformations which take place at this season, without them? How are misers' hearts and pockets to be opened, unnatural fathers softened toward their neglected offspring, mariners got home from shipwreck, travellers rescued from deadly perils, villains baffled, political economists humbled, characters changed, ghosts raised and laid, and everybody set dancing, and going down the middle, and cutting pigeon-wings, on an empty stomach?"

"That sort of thing isn't expected of you now," said the Christmas Muse, with a scornful quiet that made me feel uncomfortable. "And I don't say that I can supply you with the old brand of Christmas inspiration, anyway. It has been steadily getting lower and lower, and I doubt if there's any of it left. Excuse me! Do you?" The Christmas Muse held a cigarette toward me.

"Thank you, I never do. But I like other people's smoke." I watched her with a certain painfulness of interest while she struck a match, and looked about her with the match-end in her fingers.

"Throw it in the—on the—radiator," I said. "I ought to have had a fire roaring up the chimney for you; but, you see, there's no chimney."

"That's all right," said the Christmas Muse, puffing tranquilly, and now a certain misgiving, not unmixed with resentment, insinuated itself in my mind, as she added, "I always talk so much easier with it."

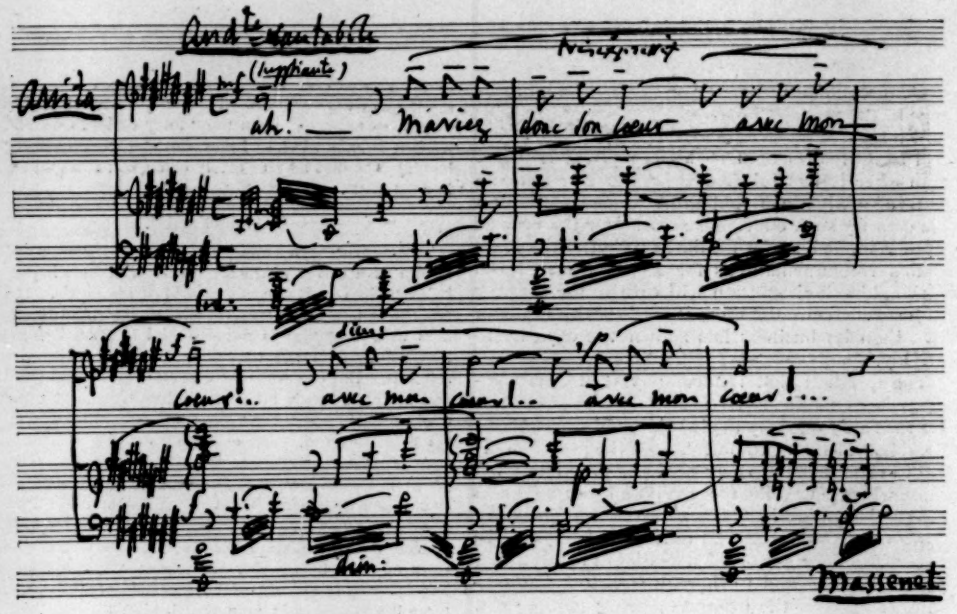
"Yes," I said. "I believe that is the excuse she gives.

(*Continued on page 1180.*)

"LA NAVARRAISE."

La Navarraise, the new opera written by M. Massenet for Calvé, is a lyric episode. M. Massenet himself, in speaking of it to me, compared it to a *conte* by Guy de Maupassant expressed by music and dramatic action as well as by words. The great charm and the great merit of the opera lie in the fact that M. Massenet has taken an episode of war, has placed this episode in its just proportions as one isolated fact in the great lyric drama being played, has subordinated each element to its proper place (so that the intensely picturesque dramatic effect is never at the expense of the music, and the music never dominates the poem), and then has crowded all the story into one uninterrupted action, developing itself without break from the rising to the falling of the curtain, and holding the spectator in breathless suspense under a single poignant impression. It is an opera that it is impossible to analyze, since the sentiment, the movement of the bivouac, the sound of arms, the noise of combat, are so closely interwoven with the terrible and pathetic story that each depends upon the other, and all are intertwined and enchained so that they cannot be separated.

The libretto of it was taken from a little story published five or six years ago by M. Jules Claretie in the *Figaro Illustré*, called "La Cigarette," an incident of the last Carlist war in Spain. A Basque peasant named Araquil is madly in love with a young girl whom he cannot marry because he is without a *dot*. This *dot* he must have at any price. Just at this moment a reward is offered to whoever shall deliver the Spanish army from its most dangerous enemy, Zucarraga. Zucarraga has been wounded; Araquil gets access to him and basely poisons the wound; Zucarraga dies, and the peasant claims the promised sum from the Spanish general. The general can neither break his word nor encourage a dastardly crime. He pays the money to the Basque, and then orders him to be shot. Araquil dies while smoking a cigarette. This little story, though told with the utmost simplicity, was so poignant in its suppressed dramatic feeling that it immediately appealed to the imagination of composers in all countries. Mascagni had even gone so far as to make the draft of a three-act opera based upon it when it occurred to him that he must have the author's permission before going farther, and on applying to M. Claretie he found that the rights of the story had already been given to MM. Cain and Massenet, who were busy on an opera for Calvé, to be brought out in London.

When it became a question of adapting the story for Calvé it was found that in the original attention was too much concentrated on the hero, so the personage who commits the crime for love was made the woman instead of the man in the opera, and *La Cigarette* became *La Navarraise*. Massenet began it in June, 1891, and finished it in December, 1892. It was first given in London in 1894. He has not, as has been stated so often, incorporated in it Basque melodies, nor did he wish to do so. And, by-the-way, let me say, in speaking of M. Massenet, that another error of which he is the victim is the legend that his first name is Jules. He told me lately that his name never was Jules, never would be, and that in any case he never wished to be known as anything but "Massenet," *tout court*.

FAC-SIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH EXTRACT FROM THE SCORE OF "LA NAVARRAISE," MADE BY M. MASSENET FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

No work more suited to the dramatic genius of Calvé could be imagined than *La Navarraise*. The curtain rises on the little village of Hernani, near Bilbao, on a barricade erected in the midst of the tiny *place*, with carts, dismounted cannon, mattresses black with powder, débris of all sorts, where the firing of guns, the crashing of drums and trumpets, transport us instantly into the midst of war, and, like a panther, Anita, the Navarraise, bounds upon the scene. Dressed in black, with black circles round her beautiful eyes, she searches in a frenzy of anxiety among the soldiers coming in from the valley, grim with smoke, for her lover Araquil. He appears, and then follows one of the most beautiful duets of the opera, into which Calvé throws all the caressing, passionate tenderness of her voice as she sings her love-song to Araquil—

"Araquil, give me thine eyes,
That I may close them with my kisses"—

the orchestra, meanwhile, reduced to its very simplest expression, an accompaniment, through which now and then surge strains suggesting the battle. The action develops rapidly. The father, Remigio, appears to welcome back his son, and in a lovely trio between Araquil, Remigio, and Anita the father explains to the pathetic, wondering girl that his son can marry no one who has not a *dot* of at least two thousand douros, while Araquil and Anita plead their love for each other. Remigio carries off his son, and Anita is left to overhear the reward offered by the general for the life of Zucarraga—for no one incident in the opera is isolated. The soldiers, the people of the town, the battle, the lovers—each element of the complex drama appears and reappears without break, the orchestra subordinated or triumphant as the scene requires; and through it all two themes are especially predominant, recurring without transforming themselves—one played entirely by the brass, and relating to Zucarraga, the other by the violins, in a sort of frenzy, to embody the mad love of Anita for Araquil. From the moment that the Navarraise starts off toward the mountains, concealing beneath her shawl the poniard that is to deal the fatal blow at her enemy, that beautiful, tragic figure, with intensity of passion expressed in every one of its supple movements, haunts you.

Calvé carries you away with her, and the terrible drama in which she is involved is a haunting undertone both with the orchestra and your fancy as the soldiers make their bivouac and sing their gay drinking-songs. Between the first and second acts is a nocturnal symphony, which has this peculiar characteristic, that it is as much a part of the opera as any of the scenes. The curtain is not lowered, and the soldiers sleep upon the camp-ground, while the orchestra plays their dreams, and the gradual waking of the day as the sun breaks over the mountains in the background. Silence reigns. Suddenly the camp is broken up by a crash of arms, above which one hears the passing-bell of the cathedral floating in from the distance, and it is rumored about the camp that Zucarraga, the Carlist chief, is dead, struck down by the hand of an assassin.

Suddenly, in the midst of the troops, walking like a somnambulist possessed by a fixed idea, appears the Navarraise, who goes up to the general, holds out her hand, and, in a voice that pierces to the heart with its touching pathos, speaks rather than sings:

"My money—I promised—I have struck—the man is dead!" The general is incredulous, and then, in one of the most wonderful bits of dramatic action that I have ever seen, Calvé describes the scene. "I demanded the chief. He interrogated me face to face. I had my knife under my shawl—*voilà*—I struck him—like this—" The drama is almost at its sinister end. Anita's departure for the mountains has been seen by an officer, a friend of Araquil's, who misinterprets it to her lover. He goes out half mad with rage in search of her, ventures within the confines of the enemy, and is brought in wounded, bleeding, just as she, with a smile of infinite sweetness as the money is given her, sings, drawing her little symbol of the Virgin from her breast and kissing it,

"Happiness is in sight at last, Araquil;
'Tis the will of the Father above."

Araquil can only conceive of the money as the price for which Anita has sold herself.

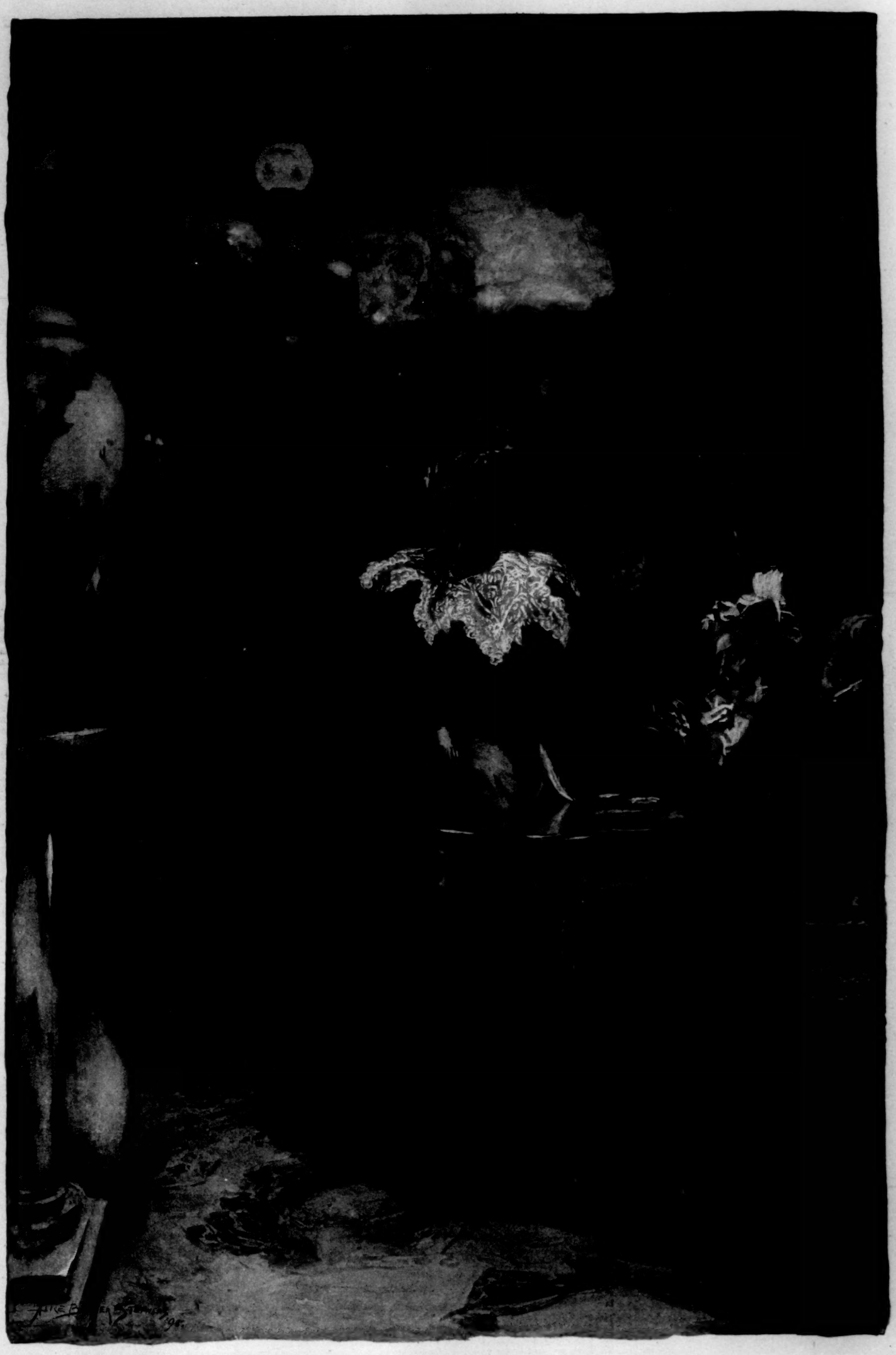
In a vague sort of ecstasy she sings a wonderfully beautiful sort of swan-song to love and happiness, and then suddenly wakes to the knowledge that her lover is beside her, dying. His reproaches make no impression upon her. She kneels beside him, a strange wild light coming in her eyes as she listens to the sound of the bells coming from the distance. The crowd falls away, a deathlike silence reigns over the house as in a voice of ineffable pathos she sings:

"Listen, Araquil. I have the *dot*.
Come, the church is full! 'Tis happiness at last!"

And then, as Araquil falls back dead, the Navarraise breaks into a mad laugh, and the curtain falls on one of the most wonderful bits of tragedy of the day.

KATHARINE DE FOREST.

MADAME CALVÉ AS ANITA IN "LA NAVARRAISE."



BUYING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.

LIFE AND LETTERS.—(*Continued from page* 1177.)

Though I don't see why she didn't talk easily enough without it."

"Who?"

"The New Woman."

"Oh! You think I am not the Christmas Muse?"

"I didn't say so, and I'm quite willing to proceed upon the assumption that you are. Well, if the old brand of inspiration has given out, may I ask what kind of inspiration I am to get from you?"

The Muse leaned forward, and took her knee between her hands. "That is for you to say. You can have almost any kind you want, except the old brand."

"That's very good of you, and I'll try not to abuse your kindness. But I confess that I am a little at a loss how to go about getting it from you. Should you say I had better invoke you?"

"Not at all," said the Christmas Muse; "you must interview me."

"Capital!" I said. "That has the true ring of modernity. It is deliciously actual. But, on just what points, should you say? You see, I was depending upon you for some little suggestions; I have no ideas of my own; I don't know that holiday writers ever have any—"

"No, they haven't," said the Christmas Muse, with an increasing amiability, which I took to be the effect of her cigarette. "But neither have interviewers, for that matter." She thought awhile, and then she said, "Perhaps you might get me to talk, and give a sort of monologue, don't you know."

"The very thing!" I exclaimed. "And I will try to let you see a proof, before it goes in. And should you mind, just to heighten the effect of naturalness in the thing, if I kodacked you in the poses you threw yourself into while you talked? Of course, I know it's asking a good deal, but—"

"Not at all," said the Christmas Muse and I instantly packed my kodack full of films.

"Go on," I said, "I am listening."

II.

"Suppose," the Christmas Muse began, "that I open my talk with a question?"

"I don't mind."

"Then may I ask what you were doing in Grand Street the other afternoon?"

"You are so very frank yourself that I will confess that I was down there looking about for a suggestion.

It is one of the Christmas streets, you know; Fourteenth is another, and Twenty-third, and I believe One Hundred and Twenty-fifth." The Christmas Muse nodded intelligently. "My notion was that I should see some sort of preparation for the Christmas shopping in Grand Street, and that I could then work up through the other streets, and perhaps get together a few elements of the picturesque and sentimental, which I could make pass, with a little faking, for a Christmas paper. There, you see, I am quite honest with you."

The Christmas Muse laughed, showing her charming teeth, and she lifted herself, and sat with her pretty hands clasped behind her head, in an attitude of listening, while the smoke of her cigarette spired delicately upward from the classic knot under her Derby.

"And did you find anything to the purpose?"

"No; there was not the least sign of consciousness in the shop windows, and I became discouraged, and gave up going to the other streets."

"It's full early, yet," said the Christmas Muse. "They will be conscious enough presently. And did you intend to use some of your pessimistic opinions on the subject of holiday presents, as a sort of off-set to the graphic and the pathetic in your paper?"

"Yes, I did. I thought I would go over the whole ground—lightly, of course, and in a spirit of subtle irony—and perhaps help to make succeeding Christmases less terrible to people whom Christmas ought to bless and comfort, instead of burdening and boring to death with the question of what they shall give to other people who don't want them to give them anything."

"That mightn't have been so bad," said the Christmas Muse, taking down her hands and leaning forward again. She rested her elbow on her knee, and her soft chin in her palm, and if she was a little mannish in non-essentials, one felt that she was inalienably ladylike in essentials, as perhaps the New Woman herself is. "You don't mean, of course," she said, looking up at me under the rim of her hat, "that there oughtn't to be any Christmas presents at all?"

"No, I certainly don't. It is a season very appropriate to the exchange of little remembrances between friends, and even between acquaintances. But they ought to be very simple, and to the last degree inexpensive. A few flowers—"

"American Beauty roses at ten dollars a dozen?" suggested the Christmas Muse.

"No; something much cheaper than that. I am afraid that their cost must rule flowers out of my scheme of Christmas giving, for cost at once vulgarizes and (paradoxically as you please,) cheapens it. Christmas cards were very well imagined. But they got to making cards for every anniversary of the year, and that killed the joy of them, and destroyed their meaning."

"Yes, and they got to making them so ugly," said the Christmas Muse. "In my very intimate relation to the holiday, I am perpetually wounded by the ugliness of nearly all the Christmas gifts, their stupidity, inanity, triviality."

"I am glad you feel that way about them," said I. "I was just going to speak of that. I think it is because they have been made to make money out of, because they express money value, and confer a money obligation, that they are so essentially and almost unfailingly hideous.

They are only fit to be thrown into the ash-barrel, with scarcely an exception, whether they are made of gold or of gilt paper."

"I fancy," said the Christmas Muse, "that they are so offensive because there has been neither heart nor brain used in making them. They are like Christmas stories in that, or like the sort of Christmas essay that you were hoping I should inspire you with."

"Oh, that was merely my joke," I said, but the Christmas Muse looked sceptical. I added: "I assure you that some of the most serious people are very often at a loss to know whether I am joking or in earnest on these subjects, and sometimes I scarcely know myself. But I was going to say"—I hurried on, for I felt the necessity of leaving this point of the inquiry—"that I think it is very well still to give other things to children, but to grown people I believe there ought never to be anything but books given at Christmas. I will not say whose books, but I know whose I prefer, and I could easily state the reason for my preferences. Though even the book of a rival author is better than any other gift that can be imagined."

"You mean for well-to-do people," said the Christmas Muse, with the effect of being interested in the matter. "For the ill-to-do, I suppose you would not rule out provisions and fuel and clothing?"

"No, I certainly shouldn't, though it has sometimes seemed to me that it was rubbing their destitution in to give them these rude necessaries when other people were rejoicing in graceful luxuries. I would have them supplied as to their needs, say the week before Christmas, so that on that blessed day they might have heart to lift their heads in pleasure at the gift of some tasteful trifle. Again a book would be the best thing, though a print to pin on their wretched walls, or a ticket to the theatre, would be no bad thing. I would not always insist upon books. But I say Christmas is the time to recognize that the poor are brothers, not the time to recognize that they are beggars." I was getting rather too serious, and I heard the note of preaching in my voice, so I added, with an effort for more lightness, "I thought you said a moment ago that there was nothing to be done any longer with creature comforts at Christmas."

"I only meant for literature," said the Christmas Muse. "I don't object to them for humanity."

"I see what you mean," I assented.

She was thoughtful for a little time, and then she said, with a charming smile, "Why don't you make your paper about the terror that Christmas-giving really is to people, how they try to get out of it and over it, and use all sorts of futile devices against it, and have to succumb at last?"

"Well," I owned, with a little doubt of how she might like my having tried to get on without her help, "I did do something of the kind, but I did it with such a heavy hand, and so brutally, that it disgusted me, and I tore it up. After all, it isn't an unamiable custom."

"No, it isn't," said the Muse, thoughtfully. "And if it's attacked at all, it ought to be with some sort of genial mockery, directed at its abuses."

"That was just what I was after," I said, "but I couldn't fetch it."

"Did you say anything about the people who tried to escape the anguish of buying presents the last fortnight before Christmas by spreading the misery over the whole year, and poisoning the pleasure of a twelvemonth?"

"I began with *them*."

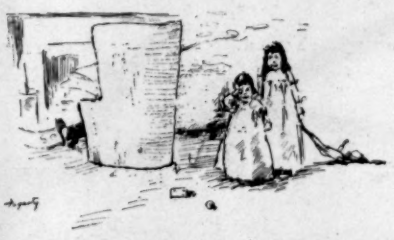
"And you couldn't make anything of them?"

I shook my head despairingly.

"Did you think—I think something might be done with him, in your way—of a hardened father, who strikes, and won't buy Christmas presents any more?"

"Wouldn't it be a little too tragical for the season?"

"Not necessarily. You could show what his sufferings had been in the past—comically, of course. Have him a stout gentleman, you know, who feels that he fills the whole shop with his ulster when he crowds up to the Christmas counters. Have him live in the suburbs, and come in with his wife's commissions in the morning, and go home in the evening loaded down like a sumpter-mule



with all the very things she says she didn't want. Take him from the time the children are little, and a few toys and candies suffice, and work him along up till he stands in terror of their tastes and expectations. Then he strikes. He won't buy a thing. He hands over his pocket-book, his bank account—you could make the scene as dramatic as you pleased—and lets his children do the buying. You could make that very amusing. Give him a speech of renunciation, in which he tells them that they can do their own surprising now, if they want any surprising at Christmas, and that they may study their own tastes awhile, and the tastes of all their friends and relations, and see how they like it."

"That wouldn't be so bad," I said. "And would you work out as a kind of moral, or meaning, that Christmas, after all, was for the young—that is, the gayety and hopefulness of it?"

"I don't think I would insist upon that," said the Muse, with an effect of reserving her reasons.

"Why not? I think that for all people who are past

'The middle of the highroad of our life,'

the season is one of pensive memories, of unavailing regrets, of poignant longing for the faces that are vanished and the voices that are silent. Nothing in the factitiousness of holiday literature has seemed to me falser than the pretence that people over thirty-five find Christmas a joyous time. It is too full of associations to be honestly that in their hearts. But perhaps there could be a transformation scene managed in which the young people could be made to see the past that the old look back upon, and be filled with good resolutions to brighten the future for them. How would that do?"

"Wouldn't *that* be a little factitious too?" asked the Christmas Muse.

"I suspect that it would be hard to deal with Christmas in holiday literature at all, and deal sincerely with it," I said, after a moment. "It is only when we endue ourselves in the make-believes of the race's childhood, that we have any Christmas which is possible to holiday literature. The festive uses and observances of the Christmas we make merry with are all of heathenish origin, I believe. Why, you yourself, if you will excuse my saying it, are nothing but an outworn fiction of the past trying to survive into times of greater verity; and is it for *you* to insist upon a hard-and-fast sincerity in this matter?"

"I know it," said the Christmas Muse, "and it makes me feel very shadowy when I think that I am a mere figment of your imagination. And why need you have imagined me in this figure?"

She glanced ruefully at her knickerbockers, and to oblige her I instantly imagined her in flowing classic draperies of a proper silvery sheen, with a fillet of mistletoe and a cincture of ivy. "Ah," she sighed, as she rose and looked down on either side of her dress to see how it hung, "that is something like!"

"Yes, but you're more factitious now than ever."

"No matter. I feel more myself, somehow; and whatever *I* am, I insist that you need not be factitious even in holiday literature. You speak rather scornfully of the race's childhood; but if we outlived that altogether shouldn't we have outlived something very precious? The childhood of the race is always with us, and it may not be so heathenish for men after all to get back into it at Christmas. Perhaps that's why the festive uses and observances of the time are such as children love and would have invented. It doesn't matter where they come from. It's their adaptation to a true Christmas spirit that's the great thing; and it seems to me that I, as a Christmas Muse, have a peculiar right to insist upon the quality of holiday literature being from the heart and of an unquestionable sincerity. If you are going to write anything, you had better behave as sincerely in it as you would if you were trying to make children like you. Don't you see?"

The Muse smiled brightly, and I said: "And do you think I can get something out of that idea?"

"Why not? Isn't it a good one? *I* call it inspiration."

"I will try it," I said. "But now about the monologue—"

"Oh, dear me!" cried the Muse, and she moved lightly toward the door. "I forgot all about the monologue. You are so interesting! And now I haven't time for it. I've got to go about to all the newspaper offices and inspire the editors for their Christmas numbers. The syndicates are going to have symposiums, and I've got to inspire their writers."

I put out my hand in a vain entreaty; the Muse had vanished. I ran to the window for a last word with her before she was off; I had just thought of something. But when I looked out she was nowhere to be found, and a change had suddenly passed over the scene. It was a starry night, and already Christmas Eve. The snowy street was full of gay young fathers and mothers bearing Christmas trees homeward, and so intent upon each other that they scarcely gave a glance to the miniature sleigh and the tiny reindeer, mounting through the crystalline air to the roof of the seventeen-story hotel on the next corner. But a cry of glad children's voices followed and welcomed it; and it seemed to me that the Muse had not been so far out in some of her notions. The eternal childhood of the race, which has the happy time for its own, may be, after all, an image, an adumbration, of the childhood at Bethlehem.

W. D. HOWELLS.

A DECEMBER ETCHING.

A SILENT sheet of water. Round its edge
The tattered trappings of the dying year.
The monarchs of the wood are gathered here
To watch the light go out, gaunt-armed and bare;
While sunless silence reigns—save over there
A lonely Rail is calling in the sedge.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF CHRISTMAS.

BY OWEN WISTER.—ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE Governor descended the steps of the Capitol slowly and with pauses, lifting a list frequently to his eye. He had intermittently pencilled it between stages of the forenoon's public business, and his gait grew absent as he recurred now to his jottings in their accumulation, with a slight pain at their number, and the definite fear that they would be more in seasons to come. They were the names of his friends' children to whom his excellent heart moved him to give Christmas presents. He had put off this regenerating evil until the latest day, as was his custom, and now he was setting forth to do the whole thing at a blow, entirely planless among the guns and rocking-horses that would presently surround him. As he reached the highway he heard himself familiarly addressed from a distance, and turning, saw four sons of the alkali jogging into town from the plain. One who had shouted to him galloped out from the others, rounded the Capitol's enclosure, and approaching with radiant countenance, leaned to reach the hand of the Governor, and once again greeted him with a hilarious "Hello, Doc!"

Governor Barker, M.D., seeing Mr. McLean unexpectedly after several months, hailed the horseman with frank and lively pleasure, and inquiring who might be the other riders behind, was told that they were Shorty, Chalkeye, and Dollar Bill, come for Christmas. "And dandies to hit town with," Mr. McLean added. "Red-hot."

"I am acquainted with them," assented his Excellency.

"We've been ridin' trail fer twelve weeks," the cow-puncher continued, "makin' our beds down anywheres, and eatin' the same old chuck every day. So we've shook fried beef and heifer's delight, and we're goin' to feed high."

Then Mr. McLean overflowed with talk and pungent confidences, for the holidays already rioted in his spirit, and his tongue was loosed over their coming rites.

"We've soured on scenery," he finished, in his drastic idiom. "We're sick of moonlight and cow-dung, and we're heeled for a big time."

"Call on me," remarked the Governor, cheerily, "when you're ready for bromides and sulphates."

"I ain't box-headed no more," protested Mr. McLean. "I've got maturity, Doc, since I seen yu' in the summer, and I'm a heap older than them hospital days when I bust my leg on yu'. Three or four glasses, and quit. That's my rule."

"That your rule too?" inquired the Governor of Shorty, Chalkeye, and Dollar Bill. These gentlemen of the saddle were sitting quite expressionless upon their horses.

"We ain't talkin', we're waitin'," observed Chalkeye, and the three cynics smiled amiably.

"Well, Doc, see yu' again," said Mr. McLean. He turned to accompany his brother cow-punchers, but in that particular moment Fate descended or came up from whatever place she dwells in, and entered the body of the unsuspecting Governor.

"What's your hurry?" said Fate, speaking in the official's hearty manner. "Come along with me."

"Can't do it. Where're yu' goin'?"

"Christmasing," replied Fate.

"Well, I've got to feed my horse. Christmasing, yu' say?"

"Yes; I'm buying toys."

"Toys! You? What for?"

"Oh, some kids."

"Yourn?" screeched Lin, precipitately.

His Excellency the jovial Governor opened his teeth in pleasure at this, for he was a bachelor, and there were fifteen upon his list, which he held up for the edification of the hasty McLean. "Not mine, I'm happy to say. My friends keep marrying and settling, and their kids call me uncle, and climb around and bother, and I forget their names, and think it's a girl, and the mother gets mad. Why, if I didn't remember these little folks at Christmas, they'd be wondering—not the kids, they just break your toys and don't notice; but the mother would wonder—'What's the matter with Dr. Barker? Has Governor Barker gone back on us?'—that's where the strain comes!" he broke off, facing Mr. McLean with another spacious laugh.

But the cow-puncher had ceased to smile, and now, while Barker ran on exuberantly, McLean's wide-open eyes rested upon him, singular and intent, and in their hazel depths the last gleam of jocularity went out.

"That's where the strain comes, you see. Two sets of acquaintances. Grateful patients and loyal voters, and I've got to keep solid with both outfits, especially the wives and mothers. They're the people. So it's drums, and dolls, and sheep on wheels, and games, and monkeys on a stick, and the saleslady shows you a mechanical bear, and it costs too much, and you forget whether the Judge's second girl is Nellie or Susie, and—well, I'm just in for my annual circus this afternoon! You're in luck. Christmas don't trouble a chap fixed like you."

Lin McLean prolonged the sentence like a distant echo. "A chap fixed like you!" The cow-puncher said it slowly to himself. "No, sure." He seemed to be watching Shorty and Chalkeye and Dollar Bill going down the road. "That's a new idea—Christmas," he murmured, for it was one of his oldest, and he was recalling the Christmas when he wore his first long trousers.

"Comes once a year pretty regular," remarked the prosperous Governor. "Seems often when you pay the bill."

"I haven't made a Christmas gift," pursued the cow-puncher, dreamily, "not fer—fer—Lord! it's a hundred years, I guess. I don't know anybody that has any right to look fer such a thing from me." This was indeed a new idea, and it did not stop the chill that was spreading in his heart.

"Gee whiz!" said Barker, briskly, "there goes twelve o'clock. I've got to make a start. Sorry you can't come and help me. Good-by."

His Excellency left the rider sitting motionless, and forgot him at once in his own preoccupation. He hastened upon his journey to the shops with the list, not in his pocket, but held firmly, like a plank in the imminence of shipwreck. The Nellies and Susies pervaded his mind, and he struggled with the presentiment that in a day or two he would recall some omitted and wretchedly important child. Quick hoof-beats made him look up, and Mr. McLean passed like a wind. The Governor absently watched him go, and saw the pony hunch and stiffen in the check of his speed when Lin overtook his companions. Down there in the distance they took a side street, and Barker rejoicingly remembered one more name, and wrote it as he walked. In a few minutes he had come to the shops and met face to face with Mr. McLean.

"The boys are seein' after my horse," Lin rapidly began, "and I've got to meet 'em sharp at one. We're twelve weeks shy on a square meal, yu' see, and our first has been a date from 'way back. I'd like to—" Here Mr. McLean cleared his throat, and his speech went less smoothly. "Doc, I'd like just for a while to watch yu' gettin'—them monkeys, yu' know."

The Governor expressed his agreeable surprise at this change of mind, and was glad of McLean's company and judgment during the impending selections. A picture of the cow-puncher and himself discussing a couple of dolls rose nimbly in Barker's mental eye, and it was with an imperfect honesty that he said, "You'll help me a heap."

And Lin, quite sincere, replied, "Thank yu'."

So together these two went Christmasing in the throng. Wyoming's Chief Executive knocked elbows with the spurred and jingling waif, one man as good as another in that raw, hopeful, full-blooded cattle era, which now the sobered West remembers as the days of its fond youth. For one man has been as good as another in three places—Paradise before the fall; the Rocky Mountains before the wire fence; and the Declaration of Independence. And then this Governor, besides being young, almost as young as Lin McLean or the Chief Justice (who lately had celebrated his thirty-second birthday), had in his doctoring days at Drybone known the cow-puncher with that familiarity which lasts a lifetime without breeding contempt; accordingly he now laid a hand on Lin's tall shoulder and drew him among the petticoats and toys.

Christmas filled the windows and Christmas stirred in mankind. Cheyenne, not over-zealous in doctrine or litanies, and with the opinion that a world in the hand is worth two in the bush, nevertheless was flocking together, neighbor to think of neighbor, and every one to remember the children; a sacred assembly, after all, gathered to rehearse unwittingly the articles of its belief, the Creed and Doctrine of the Child. Lin saw them hurry and smile among the paper fairies; they questioned and hesitated, crowded and made decisions, failed utterly to find the right thing, forgot and hastened back, suffered all the various desperations of the eleventh hour, and turned homeward, dropping their parcels with that undimmed good-will that once a year makes gracious the universal human face. This brotherhood swam and beamed before the cow-puncher's brooding eyes, and in his ears the greeting of the season sang. Children escaped from their mothers and ran chirping behind the counters to touch and meddle in places forbidden. Friends dashed against each other with rabbits and magic lanterns, greeted in haste, and were gone, amid the sound of musical boxes.

Through this tinkle and bleating of little machinery the murmur of the human heart drifted in and out of McLean's hearing; fragments of home talk, tendernesses, economies, intimate first names, and dinner hours; and whether it was joy or sadness, it was in common; the world seemed knit in a single skein of home ties. Two or three came by whose purses must have been slender, and whose purchases were humble and chosen after much nice adjustment; and when one plain man dropped a word about both ends meeting, and the woman with him laid a hand on his arm, saying that the children must not feel this year was different, Lin made a step toward them. There were hours and spots where he could readily have descended upon them at that, played the rôle of clinking affluence, waved thanks aside with competent blasphemy, and tossing off some infamous whiskey, cantered away in the full self-conscious strut of the frontier. But here was not the moment; the abashed cow puncher could make no such parade in this place. The people brushed by him back and forth, busy upon their errands, and aware of him scarcely more than if he had been a spirit looking on from the helpless dead; and so, while these weaving needs and kindnesses of man were within arm's touch of him, he was locked outside with his impulses. Barker had, in the natural press of customers, long parted from him, to become immersed in choosing and rejecting; and now, with a fair part of his mission accomplished, he was ready to go on to the next place, and turned to beckon McLean. He found him obliterated in a corner beside a life-sized image of Santa Claus, standing as still as the frosty saint.

"He looks livelier than you do," said the hearty Governor. "'Fraid it's been slow waiting."

"No," replied the cow-puncher, thoughtfully. "No, I guess not."

This uncertainty was expressed with such gentleness that Barker roared. "You never did lie to me," he said, "long as I've known you. Well, never mind. I've got some real advice to ask you now."

At this Mr. McLean's face grew more alert. "Say, Doc," said he, "what do yu' want fer Christmas that nobody's likely to give yu'?"

"A big practice—big enough to interfere with my politics."

"What else? Things and truck, I mean."

"Oh—nothing I'll get. People don't give things much to fellows like me."

"Don't they? Don't they?"

"Why, you and Santa Claus weren't putting up any scheme on my stocking?"

"Well—"

"I believe you're in earnest!" cried his Excellency. "That's simply rich!" Here was a thing to relish! The Frontier comes to town "heeled for a big time," finds that presents are all the rage, and must immediately give somebody something. Oh, childlike, miscellaneous Frontier! So thought the good-hearted Governor; and it seems a venial misconception. "My dear fellow," he added, meaning as well as possible, "I don't want you to spend your money on me."

"I've got plenty all right," said Lin, shortly.

"Plenty's not the point. I'll take as many drinks as you please with you. You didn't expect anything from me?"

"That ain't—that don't—"

"There! Of course you didn't. Then, what are you getting proud about? Here's our shop." They stepped in from the street to new crowds and counters. "Now," pursued the Governor, "this is for a very particular friend of mine. Here they are. Now, which of those do you like best?"

They were sets of Tennyson in cases holding little volumes equal in number, but the binding various, and Mr. McLean reached his decision after one look. "That," said he, and laid a large muscular hand upon the Laureate. The young lady behind the counter spoke out acidly, and Lin pulled the abject hand away. His taste, however, happened to be sound, or at least it was at one with the Governor's; but now they learned that there was a distressing variance in the matter of price.

The Governor stared at the delicate article of his choice. "I know that Tennyson is what she—is what's wanted," he muttered; and, feeling himself nudged, looked round, and saw Lin's extended fist. This gesture he took for a facetious sympathy, and dolorously grasping the hand, found himself holding a lump of bills. Sheer amazement relaxed him, and the cow-puncher's matted wealth tumbled on the floor in sight of all people. Barker picked it up and gave it back. "No, no, no!" he said, mirthful over his own inclination to be annoyed. "You can't do that. I'm just as much obliged, Lin," he added.

"Jest as a loan, Doc. Some of it. I'm grass-bellied with spot cash."

A giggle behind the counter disturbed them both, but the sharp young lady was only dusting. The Governor at once paid haughtily for Tennyson's expensive works, and the cow-puncher pushed his discountenanced savings back into his clothes. Making haste to leave the book department of this shop, they regained a mutual ease, and the Governor became waggish over Lin's concern at being too rich. He suggested to him the list of delinquent tax-payers and the latest census from which to select indigent persons. He had patients, too, whose inveterate pennilessness he could swear cheerfully to—"since you want to bolt from your own money," he remarked.

"Yes, I'm a green horse," assented Mr. McLean, gallantly. "Ain't used to the looks of a twenty-dollar bill, and I shy at 'em."

From his face—that jocular mask—one might have counted him the most serene and careless of vagrants, and in his words only the ordinary voice of banter spoke to the Governor. A good woman, it may well be, would have guessed before this the sensitive soul in the blundering body; but Barker saw just the familiar, whimsical, happy-go-lucky McLean, and so he went gayly and innocently on, treading upon holy ground. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Give your wife something."

The ruddy cow-puncher grinned. He had passed through the world of woman with but few delays, rejoicing in informal and transient entanglements; and he welcomed the turn which the conversation seemed now to be taking. "If you'll give me her name and address," said he, with the future entirely in his mind.

"Why, Laramie!" and the Governor feigned surprise.

"Say, Doc," said Lin, uneasily, "none of 'em 'ain't married me since I saw yu' last."

"Then she hasn't written from Laramie," said the hilarious Governor, and Mr. McLean understood, and winced in his spirit, deep down. "Gee whiz!" went on Barker; "I'll never forget you and Lusk that day!"

But the mask fell now. "You're talking of his wife, not mine," said the cow-puncher very quietly, and smiling no more. "And, Doc, I'm going to say a word to yu', for I know yu've always been my good friend. I'll never forget that day myself—but I don't want to be reminded of it."

"I'm a fool, Lin," said the Governor, generous instantly. "I never supposed—"

"I know yu' didn't, Doc. It ain't you that's the fool. And in a way—in a way—" Lin's speech ended among his crowding memories, and Barker, seeing how wistful his face had turned, waited. "But I ain't quite the same fool I was before that happened to me," the cow-puncher resumed. "Though maybe my actions don't show to be wiser. I know that there was better luck than a man like me had any call to look for."

The sobered Barker said, simply, "Yes, Lin." He was put to thinking by these words from the unsuspected inner man.

Out in the Bow Leg country Lin McLean had met a woman with thick red cheeks, calling herself by a maiden name; and this was his whole knowledge of her when he put her one morning astride a Mexican saddle, and took her fifty miles to a magistrate and made her his lawful wife to the best of his ability and belief. His sage-brush intimates were confident he would never have done it but for a rival. Racing the rival and beating him had swept Mr. McLean past his own intentions, and the marriage was an inadvertence. "He jest bumped into it before he could pull up," they explained; and this casualty resulting from Mr. McLean's sporting blood had entertained several hundred square miles of alkali. For the newmade husband the joke soon died. In the immediate weeks that came upon him he tasted a bitterness worse than in all his life before, and learned also how deep the woman, when once she begins, can sink beneath the man in baseness. That was a knowledge of which he had lived innocent until this time. But he carried his outward self serenely, so that citizens in Cheyenne who saw the cow-puncher with his bride argued shrewdly that men of that sort liked women of that sort; and before the strain had broken his endurance an unexpected first husband, named Lusk, had appeared one Sunday in the street, prosperous, forgiving, and exceedingly drunk. To the arms of Lusk she went back in the public street, deserting McLean in the presence of Cheyenne; and when Cheyenne saw this, and learned how she had been Mrs. Lusk for eight long, if intermittent, years, Cheyenne laughed loudly. Lin McLean laughed too, and went about his business, ready to swagger at the necessary moment, and with the necessary kind of joke always ready to shield his hurt spirit. And soon, of course, the matter grew stale, seldom raked up in the Bow Leg country where Lin had been at work; so lately he had begun to remember other things beside the smouldering humiliation.

"Is she with him?" he asked Barker, and musingly listened while Barker told him. The Governor had thought to make it a racy story, with the moral that the joke was now on Lusk; but that inner man had spoken and

revealed the cow-puncher to him in a new and complicated light, hence he quieted the proposed lively cadence and vocabulary of his anecdote about the house of Lusk, but instead of narrating how Mrs. beat Mr. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Mr. took his turn the odd days, thus getting one ahead of his lady, while the kid Lusk had outlined his opinion of the family by recently skipping to parts unknown, Barker detailed these incidents more gravely, adding that Laramie believed Mrs. Lusk addicted to opium.

"I don't guess I'll leave my card on 'em," said McLean, grimly, "if I strike Laramie."

"You don't mind my saying I think you're well out of that scrape?" Barker ventured.

"Shucks, no! That's all right, Doc. Only—yu' see now. A man gets tired pretending—onced in a while."

Time had gone while they were in talk, and it was now half after one and Mr. McLean late for that long-plotted first square meal. So the friends shook hands, wishing each other Merry Christmas, and the cow-puncher hastened toward his chosen companions through the stirring cheerfulness of the season. His play hour had made a dull beginning among the toys. He had come upon people engaged in a pleasant game, and waited, shy and well-disposed, for some bidding to join, but they had gone on playing with each other and left him out. And now he went along in a sort of hurry to escape from that loneliness where his human promptings had been lodged with him useless. Here was Cheyenne, full of holiday for sale, and he with his pockets full of money to buy; and when he thought of Shorty and Chalkeye and Dollar Bill, those dandies to hit a town with, he stepped out with a brisk false hope. It was with a mental hurrah and a foretaste of a good time coming that he put on his town clothes, after shaving and admiring himself, and sat down to the square meal. He ate away and drank with a robust imitation of enjoyment that took in even himself at first. But the sorrowful process of his spirit went on, for all he could do. As he groped for the contentment which he saw around him he began to receive the jokes with counterfeit mirth. Memories took the place of anticipation, and through their moody shiftings he began to feel a distaste for the company of his friends and a shrinking from their lively voices. He blamed them for this at once. He was surprised to think he had never recognized before how light a weight was Shorty; and here was Chalkeye, who knew better, talking religion after two glasses. Presently this attack of noticing his friends' shortcomings mastered him, and his mind, according to its wont, changed at a stroke. "I'm celebrating no Christmas with this crowd," said the inner man; and when they had next remembered Lin McLean in their hilarity he was gone.

Governor Barker, finishing his purchases at half past three, went to meet a friend come from Evanston. Mr. McLean was at the railway station, buying a ticket for Denver.

"Denver!" exclaimed the amazed Governor.

"That's what I said," stated Mr. McLean, doggedly.

"Gee whiz!" went his Excellency. "What are you going to do there?"

"Get good and drunk."

"Can't you find enough whiskey in Cheyenne?"

"I'm drinking champagne this trip."

The cow-puncher went out on the platform and got aboard, and the train moved off. Barker had walked out too in his surprise, and as he stared after the last car, Mr. McLean waved his wide hat defiantly and went inside the door.

"And he says he's got maturity," Barker muttered. "I've known him since seventy-six, and he's kept about eight right along." The Governor was cross, and sorry, and presently crosser. His jokes about Lin's marriage came back to him and put him in a rage with the departed fool. "Yes, about eight. Or six," said his Excellency, justifying himself by the past. For he had first known Lin, the boy of nineteen, supreme in length of limb and recklessness, breaking horses and feeling for an early mustache. Next, when the mustache was nearly accomplished, he had mended the boy's badly broken thigh at Drybone. His skill (and Lin's utter health) had wrought so swift a healing that the surgeon overflowed with the pride of science, and over the bandages would explain the human body technically to his wild-eyed and flattered patient. Thus young Lin heard all about tibia, and comminuted, and other glorious new words, and when sleepless would rehearse them. Then, with the bone so nearly knit that the patient might leave the ward on crutches to sit each morning in Barker's room as a privilege, the disobedient child of twenty-one had slipped out of the hospital and hobbled hastily to the hog ranch, where whiskey and variety waited for a languishing convalescent. Here he grew gay, and was soon carried back with the leg re-fractured. Yet Barker's surgical rage was disarmed, the patient was so forlorn over his doctor's professional chagrin.

"I suppose it ain't no better this morning, Doc?" he had said, humbly, after a new week of bed and weights.

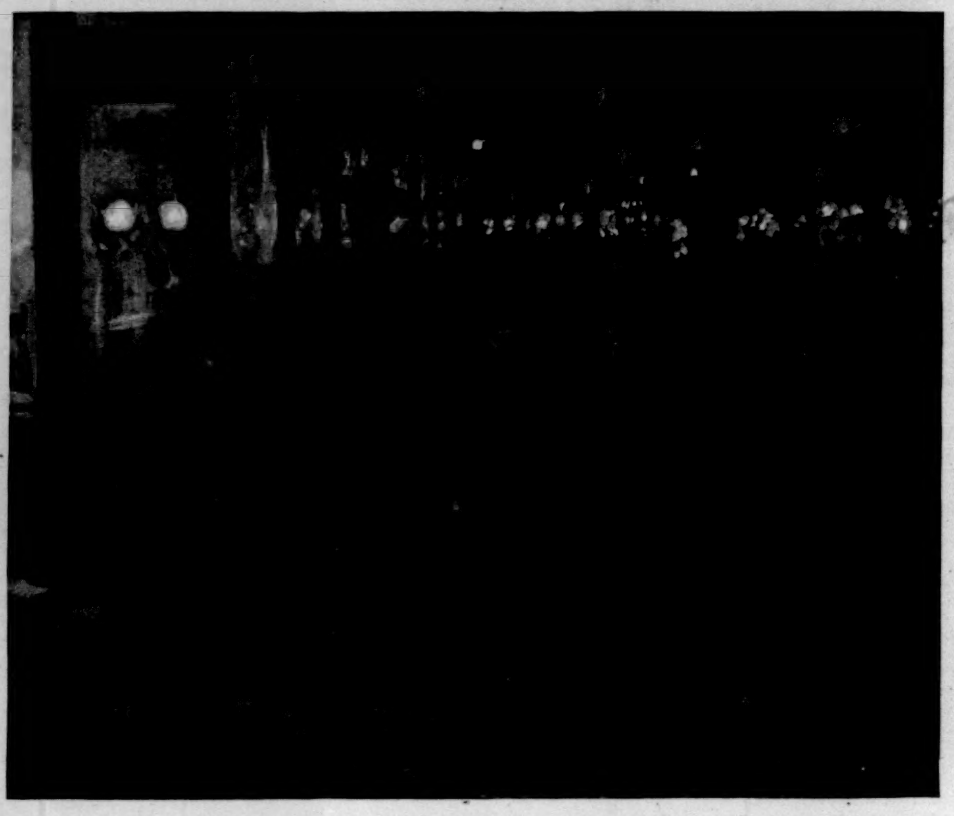
"Your right leg's going to be shorter. That's all."

"Oh, gosh! I've been and spoiled yer comminuted fee-mur! Ain't I a son of a gun?"

You could not chide such a boy as this; and in time's due course he had walked jauntily out into the world with legs of equal length after all, and in his stride the slightest halt possible. And Doctor Barker had missed the child's conversation. To-day his mustache was a perfected thing, and he in the late end of his twenties.

"He'll wake up about noon to-morrow in a dive without a cent," said Barker. "Then he'll come back on a freight and begin over again."

At the Denver station Lin McLean passed through the shoutings and omnibuses, and came to the beginning of Seventeenth Street, where is the first saloon. A customer was ordering Hot Scotch; and because he liked the smell and had not thought of the mixture for a number of years, Lin took Hot Scotch. Coming out upon the pavement he looked across and saw a saloon opposite with brighter globes and windows more prosperous. That should have been his choice; lemon peel would undoubtedly be fresher over there; and over he went at once, to begin the whole thing properly. In such frozen weather no drink could be more timely, and he sat, to enjoy without haste its mellow fitness. Once again on the pavement, he looked along the street toward uptown beneath the crisp, cold electric lights, and three little bootblacks gathered where he stood and cried, "Shine? Shine?" at him. Remembering that you took the third turn to the right to get the best dinner in Denver, Lin hit on the skilful plan of stopping at all Hot Scotches between; but the next occurred within a few yards, and it was across the street. This one being attained and appreciated, he found that he must cross back again or skip number four. At this rate he would not be dining in time to see much of the theatre, and he stopped to consider. It was a German place he had just quitted, and a huge light poured out on him from its window, which the proprietor's father-land sentiment had made into a show. Lights shone among a well-set pine forest, where beery, jovial gnomes sat on roots and reached upward to Santa Claus; he, grinning, fat, and Teutonic, held in his right hand forever a foaming glass, and forever in his left a string of sausages that dangled down among the gnomes. With his American back to this, the cow-puncher, wearing the same serious, absent face he had not changed since he ran away from himself at Cheyenne, considered carefully the Hot Scotch question, and which side of the road to take and stick to, while the little bootblacks found him once more and cried, "Shine? Shine?" monotonous as snow-birds. He settled to stay over here with the south-side Scotches, and the little one-note song reaching his attention, he suddenly shoved his foot at the nearest boy, who lightly sprang away.



"AH, YOU COME ALONG WITH US; WE'LL TAKE YER!"

"Dare you to touch him!" piped a snow-bird, dangerously. They were in short trousers, and the eldest enemy, it may be, was ten.

"Don't hit me," said Mr. McLean. "I'm innocent."

"Well, you leave him be," said one.

"What's he layin' to kick you for, Billy? 'Tain't yer pop, is it?"

"Naw!" said Billy, in scorn. "Father never kicked me. Don't know who he is."

"He's a special!" shrilled the leading bird, sensationally. "He's got a badge, and he's goin' to arrest yer."

Two of them hopped instantly to the safe middle of the street, and scattered with practised strategy; but Billy stood his ground. "Dare you to arrest me!" said he.

"What 'll you give me not to?" inquired Lin, and he put his hands in his pockets, arms akimbo.

"Nothing; I've done nothing," announced Billy, firmly. But even in the last syllable his voice suddenly failed, a terror filled his eyes, and he, too, sped into the middle of the street.

"What's he claim you lifted?" inquired the leader, with eagerness. "Tell him you haven't been inside a store to-day. We can prove it!" they screamed to the special officer.

"Say," said the slow-spoken Lin from the pavement, "you're poor judges of a badge, you fellers."

His tone pleased them where they stood, wide apart from each other.

Mr. McLean also remained stationary in the bluish illumination of the window. "Why, if any policeman was caught wearin' this here," said he, following his sprightly invention, "he'd get arrested himself."

This struck them extremely. They began to draw together, Billy lingering the last.

"If it's your idea," pursued Mr. McLean, alluringly, as the three took cautious steps nearer the curb, "that blue clasped hands in a circle of red stars gives the bearer the right to put folks in the jug—why, I'll get somebody else to black my boots fer a dollar."

The three made a swift rush, fell on simultaneous knees, and clattering their boxes down, began to spit in an industrious circle.

"Easy!" wheedled Mr. McLean, and they looked up at him, staring and fascinated. "Not having three feet," said the cow-puncher, always grave and slow, "I can only give two this here job."

"He's got a big pistol and a belt!" exulted the leader, who had precociously felt beneath Lin's coat.

"You're a smart boy," said Lin, regarding him, "and yu' find a man out right away. Now you stand off and tell me all about myself while they fix the boots—and a dollar goes to the quickest through."

Young Billy and his tow-headed competitor flattened down, each to a boot, with all their might, while the leader ruefully contemplated Mr. McLean.

"That's a Colt .45 you've got," ventured he.

"Right again. Some day, maybe, you'll be wearing one of your own, if the angels don't pull yu' before you're ripe."

"I'm through!" sang out Towhead, rising in haste.

Small Billy was struggling still, but leaped at that, the two heads bobbing to a level together; and Mr. McLean, looking down, saw that the arrangement had not been a good one for the boots.

"Will you kindly referee," said he, forgivingly, to the leader, "and decide which of them smears is the awfulest?"

But the leader looked the other way and played upon a mouth-organ.

"Well, that saves me money," said Mr. McLean, jingling his pocket. "I guess you've both won." He handed each of them a dollar. "Now," he continued, "I jest dassent show these boots uptown; so this time it's a dollar for the best shine."

The two went palpitating at their brushes again, and the leader played his mouth-organ with brilliant unconcern. Lin, tall and brooding, leaned against the jutting sill of the window, a figure somehow plainly strange in town, while through the bright plate-glass Santa Claus, holding out his beer and sausages, perpetually beamed.

Billy was laboring gallantly, but it was labor, the cow-puncher perceived, and Billy no seasoned expert. "See here," said Lin, stooping, "I'll show yu' how it's done. He's playin' that toon cross-eyed enough to steer anybody crooked. There. Keep your blacking soft, and work with a dry brush."

"Lemme," said Billy. "I've got to learn." So he finished the boot his own way with wiry determination, breathing and repolishing, and this event was also adjudged a dead heat, with results gratifying to both parties. So here was their work done, and more money in their pockets than from all the other boots and shoes of this day; and Towhead and Billy did not wish for further trade, but to spend this handsome fortune as soon as might be. Yet they delayed in the brightness of the window, drawn by curiosity near this new kind of man whose voice held them and whose remarks dropped them into constant uncertainty. Even the omitted leader had been unable to go away and nurse his pride alone.

"Is that a secret society?" inquired Towhead, lifting a finger at the badge.

Mr. McLean nodded. "Turruble," said he.

"You're a Wells & Fargo detective," asserted the leader.

"Play your harp," said Lin.

"Are you a—a desperaydo?" whispered Towhead.

"Oh, my!" observed Mr. McLean, sadly; "what hez our Jack been readin'?"

"He's a cattle-man!" cried Billy. "I seen his heels."

"That's you!" said the discovered puncher, with approval. "You'll do. But I bet you can't tell me what we wearers of this badge have sworn to do this night."

At this they craned their necks and glared at him.

"We—are—sworn—don't yu' jump, now, and give me away—sworn—to—blow off three bootblacks to a dinner."

"Ah, pshaw!" They backed away, bristling with distrust.

"That's the oath, fellers, Yu' may as well make your minds up—*for I hev it to do!*"

"Dare you to! Ah!"

"And after dinner it's the Opera-House, to see *The Children of Captain Grant!*"

They screamed shrilly at him, keeping off beyond the curb.

"I can't waste my time on such smart boys," said Mr. McLean, rising lazily to his full height from the window-sill. "I am goin' somewhere to find boys that ain't so turruble quick stampeded by a roast turkey."

He began to lounge slowly away, serious as he had been throughout, and they stopping their noise short, swiftly picked up their boxes and followed him. Some change in the current of electricity that fed the window disturbed its sparkling light, so that Santa Claus, with his arms stretched out behind the departing cow-puncher, seemed to be smiling more broadly from the midst of his flickering brilliance.

On their way to turkey the host and his guests exchanged but few remarks. He was full of good-will, and threw off a comment or two that would have led to conversation under almost any circumstances save these; but the minds of the guests were too distracted by this whole state of things for them to be capable of more than keeping after Mr. McLean in silence, at a wary interval, and with their mouths, during most of the journey, open. The badge, the pistol, their patron's talk, and the unusual dollars, wakened wide their bent for the unexpected, their street affinity for the spur of the moment; they believed slimly in the turkey part of it, but what this man might do next, to be there when he did it, and not to be trapped kept their wits jumping deliciously; so when they saw him stop, they stopped instantly too, ten feet out of reach. This was Denver's most civilized restaurant—that one which Mr. McLean had remembered, with foreign dishes and private rooms, where he had promised himself, among other things, champagne. Mr. McLean had never been inside it, but heard a tale from a friend; and now he caught a sudden sight of people among geraniums, with plumes and white shirt fronts, very elegant. It must have been several minutes that he stood contemplating the entrance and the luxurious couples which went in.

"Plumb French!" he observed at length; and then, "Shucks!" in a key less confident, while his guests ten feet away watched him narrowly. "They're eatin' patty de parley voo in there," he muttered, and the three bootblacks came beside him. "Say, fellers," said Lin, confidingly, "I wasn't raised good enough for them dude dishes. What do yu' say? I'm after a place where yu' can mention oyster stoo without givin' anybody a fit. What do yu' say, boys?"

That lighted the divine spark of brotherhood!

"Ah, you come along with us—we'll take yer! You don't want to go in there. We'll show yer the boss place in Market Street. We won't lose yer." So shouting together in their shrill little city trebles, they clustered about him, and one pulled at his coat to start him. He started obediently, and walked in their charge, they leading the way.

"Christmas is comin' now, sure," said Lin, grinning to himself. "It ain't exactly what I'd figured on." It was the first time he had laughed since Cheyenne, and he brushed a hand over his eyes, that were dim with the new warmth in his heart.

Believing at length in him and his turkey, the alert street faces, so suspicious of the unknown, looked at him with ready intimacy as they went along; and soon, in the friendly desire to make him acquainted with Denver, the three were patronizing him. Only Billy, perhaps, now and then stole at him a doubtful look.

The large Country Mouse listened solemnly to his three Town Mice, who presently introduced him to the place in Market Street. It was not boss, precisely, and Denver knows better neighborhoods; but the turkey and the oyster stew were there, with catsup and vegetables in season, and several choices of pie. Here the Country Mouse became again efficient; and to witness his liberal mastery of ordering and imagine his pocket and its wealth, which they had heard and partly seen, renewed in the guests a transient awe. As they dined, however, and found the host as frankly ravenous as themselves, this reticence evaporated, and they all grew fluent with oaths and opinions. At one or two words, indeed, Mr. McLean stared and had a slight sense of blushing.

"Have a cigarette?" said the leader, over his pie.

"Thank yu'," said Lin. "I won't smoke, if yu'll excuse me." He had devised a wholesome meal, with water to drink.

"Chewin's no good at meals," continued the boy. "Don't you use tobaccer?"

"Onced in a while."

The leader spat brightly. "He 'ain't learned yet," said he, slanting his elbows at Billy and sliding a match over his rump. "But beer, now—I never seen anything in it." He and Towhead soon left Billy and his callow profanities behind, and engaged in a town conversation that silenced him, and set him listening with all his admiring young might. Nor did Mr. McLean join in the talk, but sat embarrassed by this knowledge, which seemed about as much as he knew himself.

"I'll be goshed," he thought, "if I'd caught on to half that when I was streakin' around in short pants! Maybe they grow up quicker now." But now the Country Mouse perceived Billy's eager and attentive apprenticeship. "Hello, boys!" he said, "that theatre's got a big start on us."

They had all forgotten he had said anything about theatre; and other topics left their impatient minds, while the Country Mouse paid the bill and asked to be guided to the Opera-house. "This man here will look out for your blackin' and truck, and let yu' have it in the morning."

They were very late. The spectacle had advanced far into passages of the highest thrill, and Denver's eyes were riveted upon a ship and some icebergs. The party found its seats during several beautiful lime-light effects, and that remarkable fly-buzzing of violins which is pronounced so helpful in times of peril and sentiment. The children of Captain Grant had been tracking their father all over the equator and other scenic spots, and now the north pole was about to impale them. The Captain's youngest child, perceiving a hummock rushing at them with a sudden motion, loudly shouted, "Sister, the ice is closing in!" and she replied, chastely, "Then let us pray." It was a superb tableau: the ice split, and the sun rose and joggled at once to the zenith. The act-drop fell, and male Denver, wrung to its religious deeps, went out to the rum-shop.

Of course Mr. McLean and his party did not do this. The party had applauded exceedingly the defeat of the elements, and the leader, with Towhead, discussed the probable chances of the ship's getting further south in the next act. Until lately Billy's doubt of the cow-puncher had lingered; but during this intermission whatever had been holding out in him seemed won, and in his eyes, that he turned stealthily upon his unconscious quiet neighbor shone the beginnings of hero worship.

"Don't you think this is splendid?" said he.

"Splendid," Lin replied, a trifle remotely.

"Don't you like it when they all get balled up and get out that way?"

"Humming," said Lin.

"Don't you guess it's just girls, though, that do that?"

"What, young feller?"

"Why, all that prayer-saying an' stuff."

"I guess it must be."

"She said to do it when the ice scared her, an' of course a man had to do what she wanted him."

"Sure."

"Well, do you believe they'd 'a' done it if she hadn't been on that boat, an' clung around an' cried an' everything, an' made her friends feel bad?"

"I hardly expect they would," replied the honest Lin, and then, suddenly mindful of Billy, "except there wasn't nuthin' else they could think of," he added, wishing to speak favorably of the custom.

"Why, that chunk of ice weren't so awful big anyhow. I'd 'a' shoved her off with a pole. Wouldn't you?"

"Butted her like a ram," exclaimed Mr. McLean.

"Well, I don't say my prayers any more. I told Mr. Perkins I wasn't a-going to, an' he— I think he is a flub-dub anyway."

"I'll bet he is!" said Lin, sympathetically. He was scarcely a prudent guardian.

"I told him straight, an' he looked at me an' down he flops on his knees. An' he made 'em all flop, but I told him I didn't care for them putting up any camp-meeting over me; an' he says, 'I'll lick you,' an' I says, 'Dare you to!' I told him mother kep' a-licking me for nothing, an' I'd not pray for her, not in Sunday-school or anywheres else. Do you pray much?"

"No," replied Lin, uneasily.

"There! I told him a man didn't, an' he said then a man went to hell. 'You lie; father ain't going to hell,' I says, and you'd ought to heard the first class laugh right out loud, girls an' boys. An' he was that mad! But I didn' care. I came here with fifty cents."

"Yu' must have felt like a millionaire."

"Ah, I felt all right! I bought papers an' sold 'em, an' got more an' saved, an' got my box an' blacking outfit. I weren't going to be licked by her just because she felt like it, an' she feeling like it most any time. Lemme see your pistol."

"You wait," said Lin. "After this show is through I'll put it on you."

"Will you, honest? Belt an' everything? Did you ever shoot a bear?"

"Lord! lots."

"Honest? Silvertips?"

"Silver-tips, cinnamon, black, and I roped a cub onced."

"O-h! I never shot a bear."

"You'd ought to try it."

"I'm a-going to. I'm a-going to camp out in the mountains. I'd like to see you when you camp. I'd like to camp with you. Mightn't I some time?" Billy had drawn nearer to Lin, and was looking up at him adoringly.

"You bet!" said Lin; and though he did not, perhaps, entirely mean this, it was with a curiously softened face that he began to look at Billy. As with dogs, and his horse, so always he played with what children he met—the few in his sage-brush world; but this was ceasing to be quite play for him, and his hand went to the boy's shoulder.

"Father took me camping with him once, the time mother was off. Father gets awful drunk, too. I've quit Laramie for good."

Lin sat up, and his hand gripped the boy. "Laramie!" said he, almost shouting it. "Yu'— yu'— is your name Lusk?"

But the boy had shrunk from him instantly. "You're not going to take me home?" he piteously wailed.

"Heaven and heavens!" murmured Lin McLean. "So you're her kid."

He relaxed again, down in his chair, his legs stretched their straight length below the chair in front. He was waked from his bewilderment by a brushing under him, and there was young Billy diving for escape to the aisle, like the cornered city mouse that he was. Lin nipped that poor little attempt and had the limp Billy seated inside again before the two in discussion beyond had seen anything. He had said not a word to the boy, and now watched his unhappy eyes seizing upon the various exits and dispositions of the theatre; nor could he imagine anything to tell him that should restore the perished confidence. "Why did yu' head him off?" he asked himself unexpectedly, and found that he did not seem to know; but as he watched the restless and estranged runaway he grew more and more sorrowful. "I jest hate him to think that of me," he reflected. The curtain rose, and he saw Billy make up his mind to wait until they should all be going out in the crowd. While the children of Captain Grant grew hotter and hotter upon their father's geographic trail, Lin sat saying to himself a number of contradictions. "He's nothing to me; what's any of them to me?" Driven to bay by his bewilderment, he restated the facts of the past. "Why, she'd deserted him and Lusk before she'd ever laid eyes on me. I needn't to bother myself. He wasn't never even my step-kid." The past, however, brought no guidance. "Lord, what's the thing to do about this? If I had any home— This is a stinkin' world in some respects," said Mr. McLean, aloud, unknowingly. The lady in the chair beneath which the cow-puncher had his legs nudged her husband. They took it for emotion over the sad fortunes of Captain Grant, and their backs shook. Presently each turned, and saw the singular man with untamed wide-open eyes glowering at the stage, and both backs shook again.

Once more his hand was laid on Billy. "Say!"

The boy glanced at him, and quickly away.

"Look at me, and listen."

Billy swervingly obeyed.

"I ain't after yu', and never was. This here's your business, not mine. Are yu' listenin' good?"

The boy made a nod, and Lin proceeded, whispering: "Yu've got no call to believe what I say to yu'—yu've been lied to, I guess, pretty often. So I'll not stop yu' runnin' and hidin', and I'll never give it away I saw yu', but yu' keep doin' what yu' please. I'll jest go now. I've saw all I want, but you and your friends stay with it till it quits. If yu' happen to wish to speak to me about that pistol or bears, you come around to Smith's Palace—that's the boss hotel here, ain't it? and if yu' don't come too late I'll not be gone to bed. But this time of night I'm liable to get sleepy. Tell your friends good-by for me, and be good to yourself. I've appreciated yer company."

Mr. McLean entered Smith's Palace, and engaging a room with two beds in it, did a little delicate lying by means of the truth. "It's a lost boy—a runaway." He told the clerk. "He'll not be extra clean, I expect, if he does come. Maybe he'll give me the slip, and I'll have a job cut out to-morrow. I'll thank yu' to put my money in your safe."

The clerk placed himself at the disposal of the secret service, and Lin walked up and down, looking at the railroad photographs for some ten minutes, when Master Billy peered in from the street.

"Hello!" said Mr. McLean, casually, and returned to a fine picture of Pike's Peak.

Billy observed him for a space, and receiving no further attention, came stepping along. "I'm not a going back to Laramie," he stated, warningly.

"I wouldn't," said Lin. "It ain't half the town Denver is. Well, good-night. Sorry yu' couldn't call sooner—I'm dead sleepy."

"O-h!" Billy stood blank. "I wish I'd shook the darned old show. Say—lemme black your boots in the morning?"

"Not sure my train don't go too early."

"I'm up! I'm up! I get around to all of 'em."

"Where do yu' sleep?"

"Sleeping with the engine-man now. Why can't you put that on me to-night?"

"Goin' up stairs. This gentleman wouldn't let you go up stairs."

But the earnestly petitioned clerk consented, and Billy was the first to hasten into the room. He stood rapturous while Lin buckled the belt round his scanty stomach, and ingeniously buttoned the suspenders outside the accoutrement to retard its immediate descent to earth.

"Did it ever kill a man?" asked Billy, touching the six-shooter.

"No. It 'ain't never had to do that, but I expect maybe it's stopped some killin' me."

"Oh, leave me wear it just a minute! Do you collect arrow-heads? I think they're bully. There's the finest one you ever seen." He brought out the relic, tightly wrapped in paper, several pieces. "I foun' it myself, camping with father. It was sticking in a crack right on top of a rock, but nobody'd seen it till I came along. Ain't it fine?"

Mr. McLean pronounced it a gem.

"Father an' me found a lot, an' they made mother mad laying around, an' she throwed 'em out. She takes stuff from Kelley's."

"Who's Kelley?"

"He keeps the drug store at Laramie. Mother gets awful funny. That's how she was when I came home. For I told Mr. Perkins he lied, an' I ran then. An' I knowed well enough she'd lick me when she got through her spell—an' father can't stop her, an' I—ah, I was sick of it! She's lamed me up twice beating me—an' Perkins wanting me to say 'God bless my mother!' a-getting up and a-going to bed—he's a flub-dub! An' so I cleared out. But I'd just as leaves said for God to bless father—an' you. I'll do it now if you say it's any sense."

Mr. McLean sat down in a chair. "Don't yu' do it now," said he.

"You wouldn't like mother," Billy continued. "You can keep that." He came to Lin and placed the arrow-head in his hands, standing beside him. "Do you like birds' eggs? I collect them. I got twenty-five kinds—sage-hen, an' blue grouse, an' willow-grouse, an' lots more kinds harder—but I couldn't bring all them from Laramie. I brought the magpie's, though. D'you care to see a magpie egg? Well, you stay to-morrow an' I'll show you that an' some other things I got, the engine-man lets me keep there, for there's boys that would steal an egg. An' I could take you where we could fire that pistol. Bet you don't know what that is!"

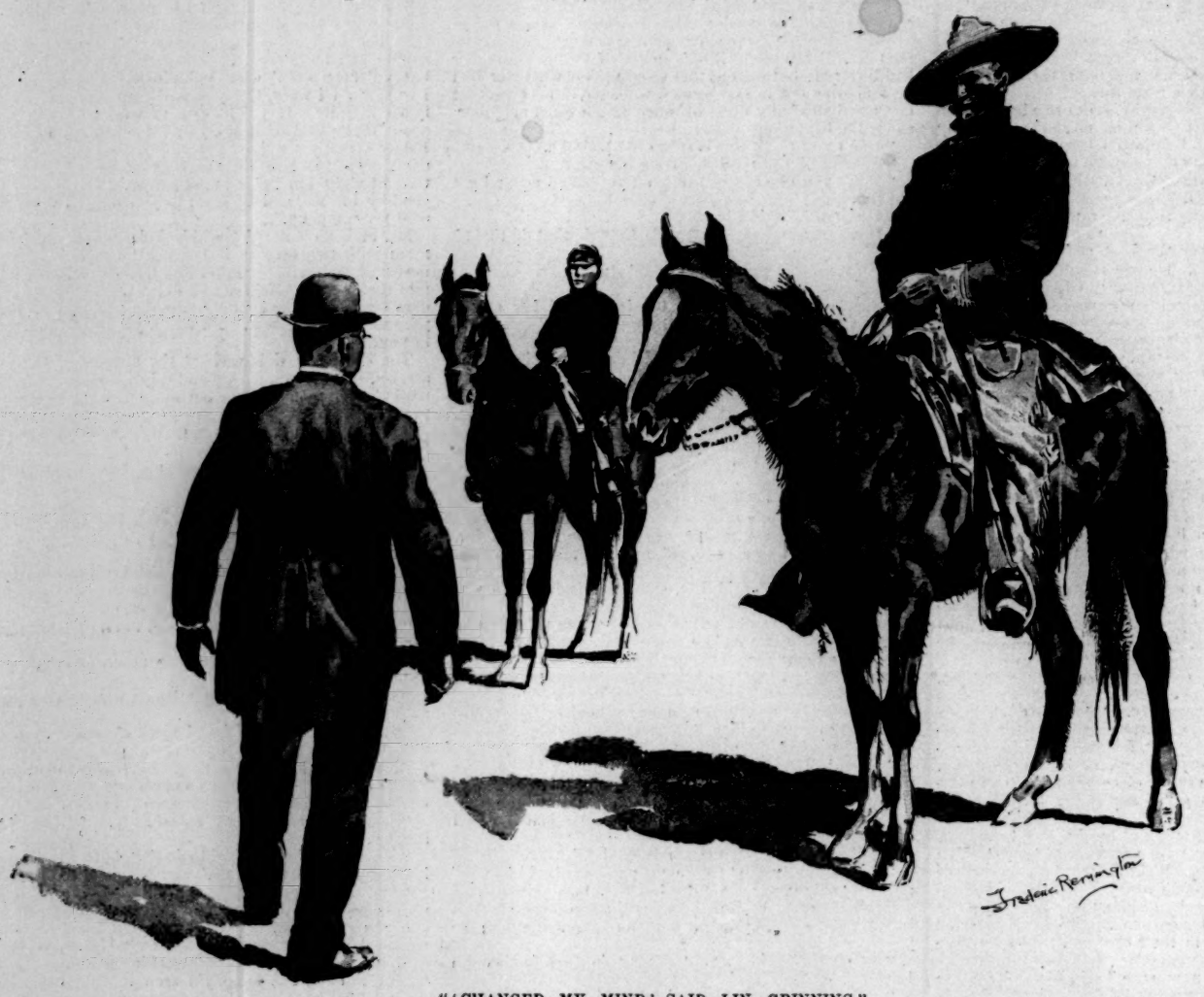
He brought out a small tin box shaped like a thimble, in which were things that rattled.

Mr. McLean gave it up.

"That's kinni-kinnic seed. You can have that, for I got some more with the engine-man."

Lin received this second token also, and thanked the giver for it. His first feeling had been to prevent the boy's parting with his treasures, but something that came not from the polish of manners and experience made him know that he should take them. Billy talked away, laying bare his little soul; the street boy that was not quite come made place for the child that was not quite gone, and unimportant words and confidences dropped from him disjointed as he climbed to the knee of Mr. McLean, and inadvertently took that cow-puncher for some sort of parent he had not hitherto met. It lasted but a short while, however, for he went to sleep in the middle of a sentence, with his head upon Lin's breast. The man held him perfectly still, because he had not the faintest notion that Billy would be impossible to disturb. At length he spoke to him, suggesting that bed might prove more comfortable, and finding how it was, rose and undressed the boy and laid him between the sheets. The arms and legs seemed aware of the moves required of them, and stirred conveniently; and directly the head was upon the pillow the whole small frame burrowed down, without the opening of an eye or a change in the breathing. Lin stood some time by the bedside, with his eyes on the long curling lashes and the curly hair. Then he glanced craftily at the door of the room, and at himself in the looking-glass. He stooped and kissed Billy on the forehead, and rising from that, gave himself a hangdog stare in the mirror, and soon in his own bed was sleeping the sound sleep of health.

He was faintly roused by the church bells, and lay still, lingering with his sleep, his eyes closed, and his thoughts unshaped. As he became slowly aware of the morning, the ringing and the light reached him, and he waked wholly, and still lying quiet, considered the strange room



"'CHANGED MY MIND,' SAID LIN, GRINNING."

filled with the bells and the sun of the winter's day. "Where have I struck now?" he inquired; and as last night returned abruptly upon his mind, he raised himself on his arm.

There sat Responsibility in a chair, washed clean and dressed, watching him.

"You're awful late," said Responsibility. "But I weren't a-going without telling you good-by."

"Go?" exclaimed Lin. "Go where? Yu' surely ain't leavin' me to eat breakfast alone?" The cow-puncher made his voice very plaintive. Set Responsibility free after all his trouble to catch him? This was more than he could do!

"I've got to go. If I'd thought you'd want for me to stay—why, you said you was a-going by the early train!"

"But the durned thing's got away on me," said Lin, smiling sweetly from the bed.

"If I hadn't a-promised them—"

"Who?"

"Sidney Ellis and Pete Goode. Why, you know them; you dined with them."

"Shucks!"

"We're a-going to have fun to-day."

"Oh!"

"For it's Christmas, an' we've bought some good cigars, an' Pete says he'll learn me sure. O' course I've smoked some, you know. But I'd just as leaves staid with you if I'd only knowed sooner. I wish you lived here. Did you smoke whole big cigars when you was beginning?"

"Do you like flapjacks and maple syrup?" inquired the artful McLean. "That's what I'm figurin' on inside twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes! If they'd wait—"

"See here, Bill. They've quit expecting yu', don't yu' think? I'd ought to waked, yu' see, but I slep' and slep', and kep' yu' from meetin' your engagements, yu' see—for you couldn't go, of course. A man couldn't treat a man that way now, could he?"

"Course he couldn't," said Billy, brightening.

"And they wouldn't wait, yu' see. They wouldn't fool away Christmas, that only comes onced a year, kickin' their heels and sayin', 'Where's Billy?' They'd say, 'Bill hez sure made other arrangements, which he'll explain to us at his leesyure.' And they'd skip with the cigars."

The advocate paused, effectively, and from his bolster regarded Billy with a convincing eye.

"That's so," said Billy.

"And where would yu' be then, Bill? In the street, out of friends, out of Christmas, and left both ways, no tobaccer and no flapjacks. Now, Bill, what do yu' say to us putting up a Christmas deal together? Jest you and me?"

"I'd like that," said Billy. "Is it all day?"

"I was thinkin' of all day," said Lin. "I'll not make yu' do anything yu'd rather not."

"Ah, they can smoke without me," said Billy, with sudden acrimony. "I'll see 'em to-morro'."

"That's you!" cried Mr. McLean. "Now, Bill, you hustle down and tell them to keep a table for us. I'll get my clothes on and follow yu'."

The boy went, and Mr. McLean procured hot water and dressed himself, tying his scarf with great care. "Wished I'd a clean shirt," said he. "But I don't look very bad. Shavin' yesterday afternoon was a good move." He picked up the arrow-head and the kinni-kinnic, and was particular to store them in his safest pocket. "I ain't sure whether you're crazy or not," said he to the man in the looking-glass. "I 'ain't never been sure." And he slammed the door and went down stairs.

He found young Bill on guard over a table for four, with all the chairs tilted against it as warning to strangers. No one sat at any other table or came into the room, for it was late, and the place quite emptied of breakfasters, and the several entertained waiters had gathered behind Billy's important-looking back. Lin provided a thorough meal, and Billy pronounced the flannel cakes superior to flapjacks, which were not upon the bill of fare.

"I'd like to see you often," said he. "I'll come and see you if you don't live too far."

"That's the trouble," said the cow-puncher. "I do. Awful far." He stared out of the window.

"Well, I might come some time. I wish you'd write me a letter. Can you write?"

"What's that? Can I write? Oh yes."

"I can write, an' I can read too. I've been to school in Sidney, Nebraska, an' Magaw, Kansas, an' Salt Lake—that's the finest town except Denver."

Billy fell into that cheerful strain of comment which, unreplied to, yet goes on contented and self-sustaining, while Mr. McLean gave amiable signs of assent, but chiefly looked out of the window; and when the now interested waiter said respectfully that he desired to close the room they went out to the office, where the money was got out of the safe and the bill paid.

The streets were full of the bright sun, and seemingly at Denver's gates stood the mountains sparkling; an air crisp and pleasant wafted from their peaks; no smoke hung among the roofs, and the sky spread wide over the city without a stain; it was holiday up among the chimneys and tall buildings, and down among the quiet ground-stories below as well; and presently from their scattered pinnacles through the town the bells broke out against the jocund silence of the morning.

"Don't you like music?" inquired Billy.

"Yes," said Lin.

Ladies with their husbands and children were passing and meeting, orderly yet gayer than if it were only Sunday, and the salutations of Christmas came now and again to the cow-puncher's ears; but to-day, possessor of his own share in this, Lin looked at every one with a sort of friendly challenge, and young Billy talked along beside him.

"Don't you think we could go in here?" Billy asked. A church door was open, and the rich organ sounded through to the pavement. "They've good music here, an' they keep it up without much talking between. I've been in lots of times."

They went in and sat to hear the music. Better than the organ, it seemed to them, were the harmonious voices raised from somewhere outside, like unexpected visitants; and the pair sat in their back seat, too deep in listening to the Processional Hymn to think of rising in decent imitation of those around them. The crystal melody of the refrain especially reached their understandings, and when for the fourth time "Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing," pealed forth and ceased, both the delighted faces fell.

"Don't you wish there was more?" Billy whispered.

"Wish there was a hundred verses," answered Lin.

But canticles and responses followed, with so little talking between them they were held spellbound, seldom thinking to rise or kneel. Lin's eyes roved over the church, dwelling upon the pillars in their evergreen, the flowers and leafy wreaths, the texts of white and gold. "'Peace, Good-will toward Men,'" he read. "That's so. Peace and Good-will. Yes, that's so. I expect they got that somewheres in the Bible. It's awful good, and yu'd never think of it yourself."

There was a touch on his arm, and a woman handed a book to him. "This is the hymn we have now," she whispered, gently; and Lin, blushing scarlet, took it passively, without a word. He and Billy stood up and held the book together, dutifully reading the words:

> "It came upon the midnight clear,
> That glorious song of old,
> From angels bending near the earth
> To touch their harps of gold;
> Peace on the earth—"

This tune was more beautiful than all, and Lin lost himself in it, until he found Billy recalling him with a finger upon the words, the concluding ones:

> "And the whole world sent back the song
> Which now the angels sing."

The music rose and descended to its lovely and simple end; and, for a second time in Denver, Lin brushed a hand across his eyes. He turned his face from his neighbor, frowning crossly; and since the heart has reasons which Reason does not know, he seemed to himself a fool; but when the service was over and he came out, he repeated again, "'Peace and Good-will.' When I run on to the Bishop of Wyoming I'll tell him if he'll preach on them words I'll be there."

"Couldn't we shoot your pistol now?" asked Billy.

"Sure, boy. Ain't yu' hungry, though?"

"No. I wish we were away off up there. Don't you?"

"The mountains? They look pretty, so white! A heap better 'n houses. Why, we'll go there! There's trains to Golden. We'll shoot around among the foothills."

To Golden they immediately went, and after a meal there wandered in the open country until the cartridges were gone, the sun was low, and Billy was walked off his young heels—a truth he learned complete in one horrid moment, and battled to conceal.

"Lame!" he echoed, angrily. "I ain't."

"Shucks!" said Lin, after the next ten steps. "You are, and both feet."

"Tell you, there's stones here, an' I'm just a-skipping them."

Lin, briefly, took the boy in his arms and carried him to Golden. "I'm played out myself," he said, sitting in the hotel and looking lugubriously at Billy on a bed. "And I ain't fit to have charge of a hog." He came and put his hand on the boy's head.

"I'm not sick," said the cripple. "I tell you, I'm bully. You wait an' see me eat dinner."

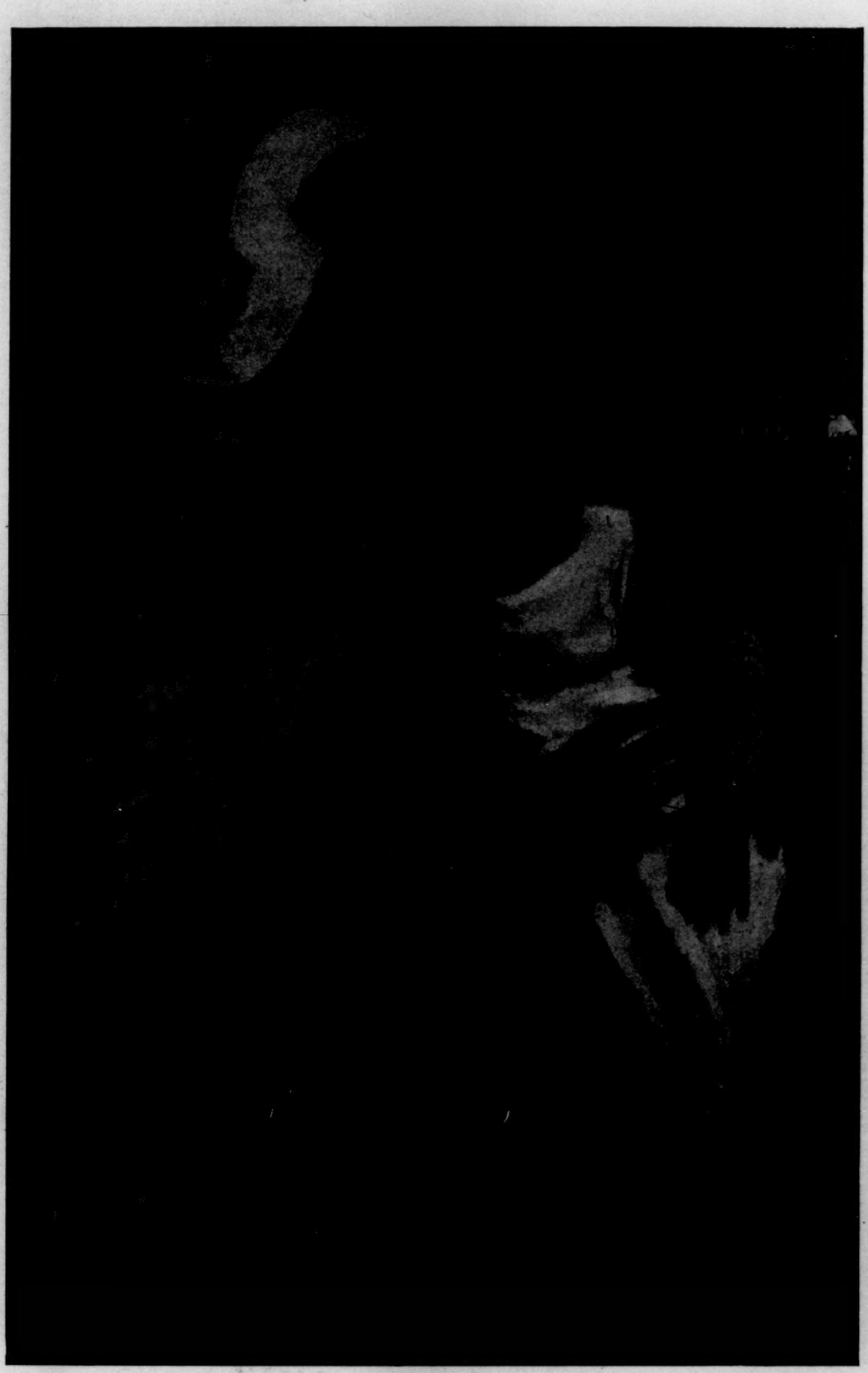
But Lin had hot water and cold water and salt, and was an hour upon his knees bathing the hot feet. And then Billy could not eat dinner!

There was a doctor in Golden; but in spite of his light prescription and most reasonable observations, Mr. McLean passed a foolish night of vigil, while Billy slept, quite well at first, and, as the hours passed, better and better. In the morning he was entirely brisk, though stiff.

"I couldn't work quick to-day," he said. "But I guess one day won't lose me my trade."

"How d'yu' mean?" asked Lin.

"Why, I've got regulars, you know. Sidney Ellis an' Pete Goode has theirs, an' we don't cut each other. I've got Mr. Daniels an' Mr. Fisher an' lots, an' if you lived



MATERNITY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GARI J. MELCHERS. PURCHASED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.—[SEE PAGE 1186.]

in Denver I'd shine your boots every day for nothing. I wish you lived in Denver."

"Shine my boots? Yu'll never! And yu' don't black Daniels or Fisher, or any of the outfit."

"Why, I'm doing first rate," said Billy, surprised at the swearing into which Mr. McLean now burst. "An' I ain't big enough to get to make money at any other job."

"I want to see that engine man," muttered Lin. "I don't like yer smokin' friend."

"Pete Goode? Why, he's awful smart. Don't you think he's smart?"

"Smart's nuthin'," observed Mr. McLean.

"Pete has learned me and Sidney a lot," pursued Billy, engagingly.

"I'll bet he has!" growled the cow-puncher; and again Billy was taken aback at his language.

It was not so simple, this case. To the perturbed mind of Mr. McLean it grew less simple during that day at Golden, while Billy recovered, and talked, and ate his innocent meals. The cow-puncher was far too wise to think for a single moment of restoring the runaway to his debauched and shiftless parents. Possessed of some imagination, he went through a scene in which he appeared at the Lusk threshold with Billy and forgiveness, and intruded upon a conjugal assault and battery. "Shucks!" said he. "The kid would be off again inside a week. And I don't want him there, anyway."

Denver, upon the following day, saw the little bootblack again at his corner, with his trade not lost; but near him stood a tall singular man with hazel eyes and a sulky expression. And citizens during that week noticed, as a new sight in the streets, the tall man and the little boy walking together. Sometimes they would be in shops. The boy seemed happy as possible, talking constantly, while the man seldom said a word, and his face was serious.

Upon New-Year's eve, Governor Barker was overtaken by Mr. McLean riding a horse up Hill Street, Cheyenne.

"Hello!" said Barker, staring humorously through his glasses. "Have a good drunk?"

"Changed my mind," said Lin, grinning. "Proves I've got one. Struck Christmas all right, though."

"Who's your friend?" inquired his Excellency.

"This is Mister Billy Lusk. Him and me have agreed that towns ain't nice to live in. If Judge Henry's foreman and his wife won't board him at Sunk Creek—why, I'll fix it somehow."

The cow-puncher and his Responsibility rode on together towards the open plain.

"Suffering Moses!" remarked his Excellency.

HARRO.

This is brave Harro's story—
Harro who watched the sea.
To his renown I set it down
As it was told to me.

Back from the reef-caught vessel
Came Harro's comrades four,
And with them ten half-perished men
Safe landed on the shore.

"And are these all?" asked Harro.
Answered the sailors brave:
"Nay. One lashed high we left to die
And find an ocean grave."

Cried Harro: "Who goes with me
To rescue him, the last,
Alive or dead? Shall it be said
We left one on the mast?"

Spoke up his gray-haired mother:
"Oh, Harro boy, my son,
Go not, I pray. 'Tis death they say.
And there is only one!

"Father and brother Uwe
The cruel sea hath slain.
My last art thou. Good Harro, now
Let me not plead in vain!"

Answered brave Harro: "Mother,
Who knows, perchance for him
Under the skies a mother's eyes
To-day with tears grow dim.

"Farewell! God watches over
The fields of flying foam,
And He shall keep us on the deep,
And safely bring us home."

Wild was the storm-swept ocean,
And like a fragile leaf
The life-boat tossed long ere it crossed
Unto the distant reef.

Wild was the sea, and madly
Ever the tempest blew,
While down the track came Harro back
With one besides the crew.

Hard to the oars his comrades
Bent in the shrieking gale,
And Harro cried, when land he spied,
"Thank God, we shall not fail!"

And when he saw his mother
Pacing the shore in tears,
Loud over all the storm his call
Brought gladness to her ears.

Over and over he shouted,
And high his cap he waved:
"God gives thee joy! God sends thy boy!
'Tis Uwe we have saved!"

Such is brave Harro's story—
Harro who watched the sea.
To his renown I set it down
As it was told to me.

FRANK D. SHERMAN.

GARI MELCHERS' LUXEMBOURG PICTURE.

CHAUVINISTIC Frenchmen sometimes call the Salon of the Champs de Mars the "Foreigners'" Salon. It is certain that foreigners abound there. And among the foreigners Americans are conspicuous. And among Americans Gari Melchers certainly held this year the chief place. His exhibit consisted of five paintings. With the exception of one able full-length portrait of a "Fencing Master," they were all concerned with a Dutch peasant family—intimately concerned with them, sympathetically interested in each member, and setting forth their individualities with so keen an intelligence, with such warmth of color and of heart, and with such supreme artistic self-command as to interest all beholders. There was a noble group of "The Family" entire, a strapping young Dutchman in scarlet gazing down with phlegmatic satisfaction at his wife and children; there was "The Smoker," in which the same stalwart red-clad father reappeared with one demure little daughter clinging about his legs; there was "The Doll," with two tow-headed youngsters straying out-of-doors and stopping their play to gaze at the spectator; and finally there was "Maternity," the one purchased by the French government. This showed the same gentle mother with her babe against her breast, really a Madonna in modern Dutch guise. Her quaint brocaded gown is given its full decorative value against a background of light green, and the baby is touched in with a caressing hand. Every painter knows how difficult it is to render undeveloped infantile curves, soft infantile flesh, vague solemn infantile eyes, but Melchers has done it exquisitely.

To his former qualities of dignity, thoroughness, and sincerity he has added a quickened and clarified color, and a note of human feeling never struck before. For the past ten years Mr. Melchers has been devoting himself to the portrayal of Dutch peasants. He has done them ably and ruthlessly; shirking no difficulty of diffused light or of awkward grouping, softening no ugliness of face, no bareness of surrounding. This was a singular course for a man who calls himself the pupil of Boulanger, the romantic painter of classic subjects, and of Lefebvre, the smooth portrayer of nude beauty. Whatever he may owe to their criticism and their counsels, he certainly owes nothing to their examples. His first success was an Honorable Mention, at the Salon of 1886, for "The Sermon," a village church interior, with Dutch peasants on uncomfortable rush-bottomed chairs doing their best to follow an unseen preacher. This is now the property of Mr. Potter Palmer, of Chicago. "Dutch Pilots," hearty old sea-dogs gathering with pipe and story about the table of an inn, received a Third-class Medal in the Salon of 1886. From that time he climbed steadily upward. The "Pilots" was shown at several international expositions, and won prizes everywhere—a First-class Medal at Munich, the Medal of Honor at Berlin. At the Paris Exposition of 1889, besides the "Pilots" and the "Sermon," he exhibited a very large "Communion" of Dutch peasants, many plain rugged figures flooded with uncompromising daylight. He was awarded the Grand Prix. The same works were shown at the Columbian Exposition, together with an interesting portrait of Mrs. Hitchcock, a tender little "Nativity," quite out of his former style, also "Married" and "The Skaters."

The last two were also out of his former line, in the sense of being a natural outgrowth of it; on a smaller scale, brilliantly decorative, stronger in color, and sweeter in feeling. Mr. Melchers' large panels, "The Arts of War" and "The Chase," in the southwest pavilion of the Manufactures Building, were certainly the most scholarly and architectural of the decorations executed for the fair. He was a member of the art jury, and could consequently compete for no medal at the fair. Indeed, he is practically *hors concours* now everywhere, for besides the honors mentioned, he has taken a First-class Medal at Amsterdam, 1887; a First Prize at the Chicago Art Institute, 1891; Gold Medal at the Philadelphia Art Club, 1892; Medal of Honor at the Antwerp Exposition, 1894. Since 1889 he has exhibited his pictures at the Salon of the Champs de Mars, where no medals or prizes are awarded, but where he has won the crowning distinction of a place in the Museum of the Luxembourg. Melchers is by no means the first American to enter its doors. Whistler, Dannat, Sargent, Harrison, Walter Gay, and Mosler will keep him company there, when in this fall's triennial rearrangement room is made for "Maternity," and Miss Mary Cassatt has had the unique and questionable glory of refusing an offer from the French government which she deemed insufficient. But to be a figure, and a notable figure, in that goodly company is something to be proud of. Melchers is, I believe, the youngest of its members. He was born thirty-five years ago in Detroit, Michigan. He is a knight of the Order of St. Michael of Bavaria, a member of the Society of American Artists of New York, and a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, Paris, best known as the New Salon.

I. MCDOUGALL.

WHISTLING RASTUS.

A Christmas Story.

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS SMITH.

"I SAY, Rastus, what you gwine to 'stablish tow'ds de Chris'mus dinnah?" Abe asked his brother one morning, a week before Christmas.

Abe was sitting at the breakfast table. Rastus had risen, and was shoving his chair under the table.

"Nothin' 's I know on, 'cept my own 'spectable presunce," Rastus answered, walking toward the door.

"You's a downright lazy rascal; en if I had de management o' you I'd make you wuk fo' a libin', 'stead o' whistlin' roun' all summer in de woods, en when de col' wedder comes, a-settin' 'hind de stove whistlin'—"

"G' 'long, you," Rastus said, rolling his eyes at his brother.

"Hol' on dar! Don't you go out o' dis house till you say what you git fo' de dinnah," Abe said, starting out of his chair.

Rastus had his hand on the knob of the door. Abe took him by the shoulders and turned him round. Abe was head and shoulders taller than Rastus.

"Say, Ras, what you gwine to do?" his brother said, towering over him like a shanghai over a bantam.

"I's got nothin' to purchase wid," Rastus said, looking down at the hole in his shoe where his foot shone through.

"No foolin', boy. You ketch a couple o' rabbits what you bin whistlin' to all summer—heah?" Abe said, giving him a vigorous shake.

"Let 'lone dat!" Rastus said, pulling away from him.

Abe caught him by the shoulders again and held him.

"Promise," he said, "or I'll shake you clean out o' yo' shoes."

Rastus hesitated, till Abe began to execute his threat, then he promised to get two rabbits for the Christmas dinner.

Rastus went out of the door, whistling a cadenza of thrills and arpeggios. Abe went back to the table to finish his breakfast.

"Dat boy's done forgot all 'bout dem rabbits already," Abe said to himself.

In a few minutes his mother entered from a rear door. She had been in the yard hanging out clothes.

"Col' mawnin', honeys. Whar's Rastus?" she asked, holding her benumbed hands over the cook-stove.

"Gone off whistlin'," Abe answered, without looking up from his plate.

"Did he hab 'nough breakus?" his mother inquired, looking at Rastus's well-cleaned plate.

"NO FOOLIN', BOY. YOU KETCH A COUPLE O' RABBITS."

"I's dun know. But what I knows is, he's got to git two rabbits fo' de Chris'mus dinnah, en dat's what I do know," Abe said, rising from the table and confronting his mother.

"De honey 'll neber git 'um. He's too tendah-hearted to kill 'um."

"Honey or no honey, I say he'll git 'um. He's promised, en you mus' help me to hol' him to it," Abe said, shaking his head at his mother.

"Law! de honey—"

"Ma, if you don't help me dis time wid dat rascal, I won't fetch one thing in dis house fo' de Chris'mus dinnah—heah?" Abe said.

"We's got 'nough fo' de dinnah. De shoat what you's gwine to kill is sufficient meat—"

"I demands two rabbits from dat lazy rascal, shoat or no shoat," Abe called back, as he went out of the door.

That evening, when the family met at the supper table, Abe said to Rastus,

"Got dem rabbits yet?"

"Not yet," Rastus said. "I's waitin' fo' de full o' de moon. Can't ketch 'um whan dar's clouds in de sky; de clouds skeer 'um—"

"None o' yo' untrufs 'bout dis yere affair. De moon's nuthin' to do wid rabbits," Abe said, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang.

"'Deed, en dat's so," the mother said, trying to shield Rastus.

"De rabbits hab great 'miration fo' de moon, so if de moon don't shine I can't ketch 'um," Rastus insisted.

"You long-year'd rascal, you fetch dem rabbits or I'll—" Abe said, but his mother interrupted his threat.

"Let Rastus 'lone, Abe. Hain't a week time 'nough to ketch two rabbits in?"

After supper Abe went out to the pig-pen to see if the shoat was safe for the night. Sam and Mose, the younger brothers, went to bed. Rastus sat behind the stove whittling a stick and whistling.

"Ma," he whispered, "do you think Abe in dead earnest 'bout de rabs?"

"Naw, honey; you jes keep out o' sight en hearin' till Chris'mus comes, en he'll dun forgit clean 'bout you and de rabbits," his mother told him.

"But, ma, it's kinder col' settin' on fences whistlin' dese nights," Rastus said.

"Neber you min', honey. I'll fix you a place 'hind de fire-board in de chimbly. You come home 'fore Abe, en git yo' supper, en hide till he goes to bed," his mother said.

After that Rastus kept out of his brother's way. Every time Abe came home he inquired for Rastus.

"Law, de honey's somewhar whistlin'," his mother would say.

It was very painful for Rastus to keep from whistling behind the fire-board. He kept his hand over his mouth for fear he would forget. He endured it several nights; but the night before Christmas was a trial too great for his endurance. He heard Abe telling about the killing of the shoat, which took place that afternoon. Sam and Mose had a thrilling tale about the apples which they furnished for the dumplings. The brothers were having a noisy confab, but their mother heard a low whistle mingled with the uproar, so she laughed long and loud, hoping to drown the whistle, but Abe heard it—he had been listening for it all the week.

"Thar's dat lazy rascal Rastus! I heerd him whistle," Abe said, going to the window to look out.

"It's de win', Abe," his mother explained.

Abe opened the door. It was snowing hard, but there was no wind astir.

"Ma, whar's dat boy? You know. You've got him hid," Abe said.

"Hid, Abe? I don't see whar I'd hide him in dis leetle house," his mother innocently answered.

"Whar's he bin all dis week?" Abe asked.

"Whistlin'—"

"He's bin somewhar in dis house, en I's gwine to sit up all night en watch fo' him to crawl out—"

"You dun gone crazy, Abe," his mother told him. "You go 'long to bed. I'll sit up."

"I seed de fire-board a-jigglin' a minute ago," Mose said, pointing behind the stove. "Mebbe he's in dar."

Abe made a dash for the chimney and pulled down the fire-board. His mother screamed, and caught him by the tail of his coat, but she was too late; the fire-board was down, and there sat Rastus cross-legged in the soot and ashes. He gave a long shrill whistle, like the vent from a safety-valve, and then grinned at Abe.

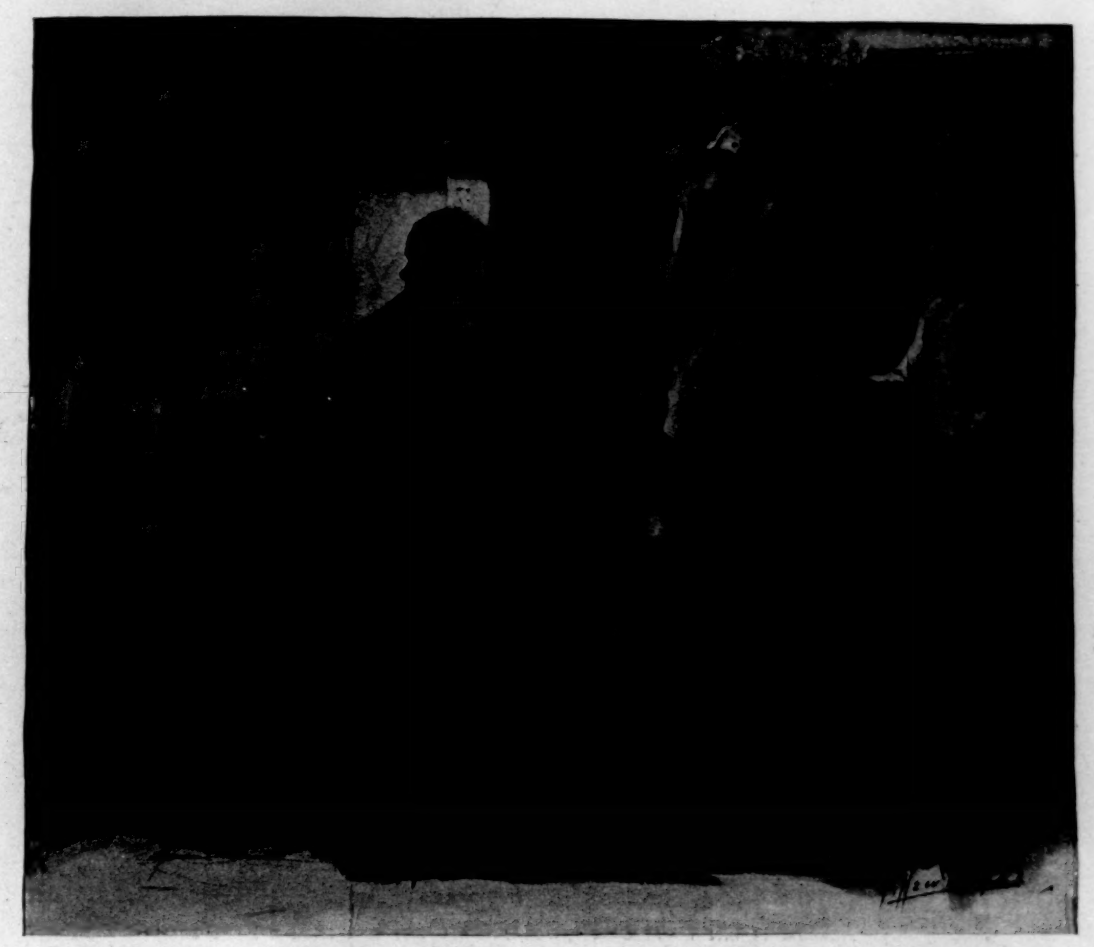
"You tormented villian, you!" Abe yelled, snaking him out of the chimney.

"Let him 'lone, Abe. I did it. I dun hid him," his mother screamed.

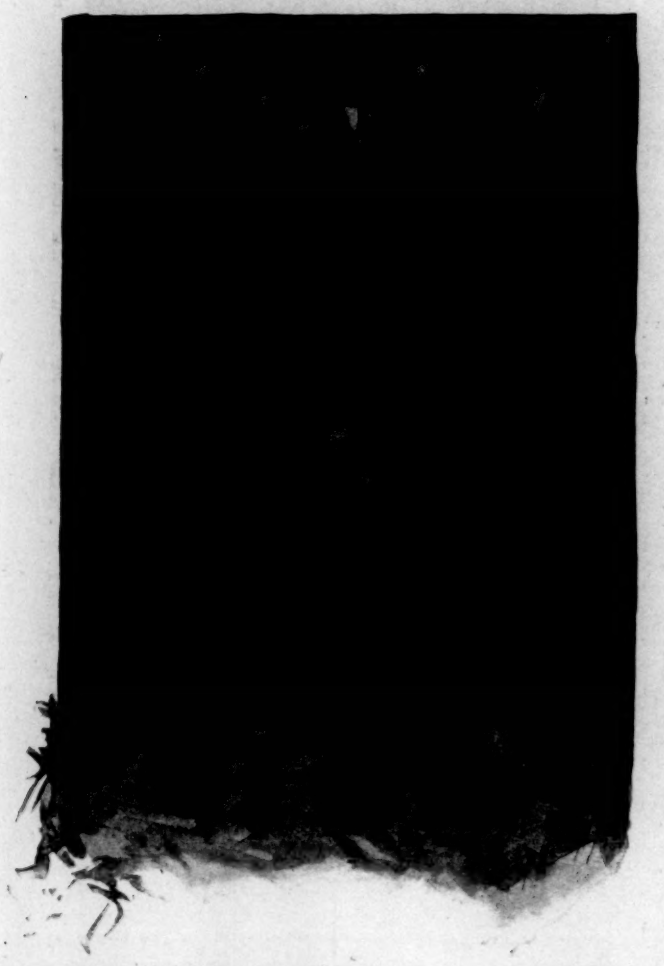
But Abe walked Rastus turkey fashion across the room and put him out of the door. "Don't you darst come back till you fetch dem two rabbits," Abe said, and slammed the door and bolted it.

"De honey'll freeze! de honey'll freeze!" his mother cried.

"He won't freeze. He's too lazy," Abe hissed at his mother.



"ABE MADE A DASH FOR THE CHIMNEY AND PULLED DOWN THE FIRE-BOARD."



"HE SAW HIS NEIGHBORS, THE TOMPKINS BOYS, TAKING DOWN THE SHOAT."

Rastus picked himself up and looked at the closed door.

"I's do b'lieve Abe's in mad earnest dis yere time," he said, brushing off the snow. "I'll hab to stay in de hen-coop till arter Chris'mus, en lose my dinnah. But ma'll slide me out a dumplin', I guess."

He went to the hen-coop and lay down on some clean straw.

His mother listened, and for an hour she heard him whistling. But Abe was sound asleep.

About midnight Rastus was awakened by stealthy voices. He peeked through a knot-hole into the pig-pen, and saw his neighbors, the Tompkins boys, taking down the shoat from the ceiling, where Abe had hung it to freeze.

"We'll play de same joke on Abe what he played on us las' year," Lee Tompkins chuckled.

"Dat we will," Jake echoed.

"Dis 'll go fine wid de rabbits," Jake said, putting the shoat into a basket.

While the boys were there, Rastus buried his face in the straw to keep from whistling. A thought had come to him. He saw the way to his Christmas dinner.

Just after daybreak Rastus rapped on the Tompkins door, and inquired for Jake and Lee.

"If you don't min', I'll take a couple o' rabbits to pay fo' de shoat you stole off Abe las' night," he said to the boys.

"Who stole a shoat?" Jake demanded.

"You an' Lee did," Rastus said.

"Yaw-haw-haw!" laughed Jake. "Dat hain't stealin'. Dat's a Chris'mus joke. Abe played one on us las' year, en I jes played it on him dis year—see?"

"All right," said Rastus. "I'll lay low on the subject if you'll give me two rabbits. I'll neber tell. Abe en me has had a triflin' disapprehension."

Rastus obtained the rabbits, and went whistling down the road. Abe heard him coming. The family was at the breakfast table when he entered.

"Thar's yo' rabbits, Mr. Abe. I could jes as well had fou', but yo' didn't ask but fo' two, so I jes got two," Rastus said, handing the rabbits to Abe.

Abe grinned when he saw the plump little animals. "Them's fine. Whar you ketch 'um?" he asked.

"I's don't tell all I knows," Rastus said, sitting down to the table.

"My! honey, dey am strordinary fine fo' a pie. You's a brave man," his mother said, admiring Rastus and his game.

After breakfast Abe went out to bring in the shoat.

He came hurrying back, screaming:

"Help! help! Some one dun stole de shoat! some one dun stole de shoat!"

Rastus turned on him.

"Yo' long-eared rascal, I don't b'lieve you had a shoat. Yo' dun fool us all de time."

"'Pon my honor, I had one, en he's gone," Abe pleaded.

"Nemmine 'bout de shoat," Rastus consolingly said; "de rabbits is good 'nough fo' ma en me. Yo' en Sam en Mose can go widout de shoat."

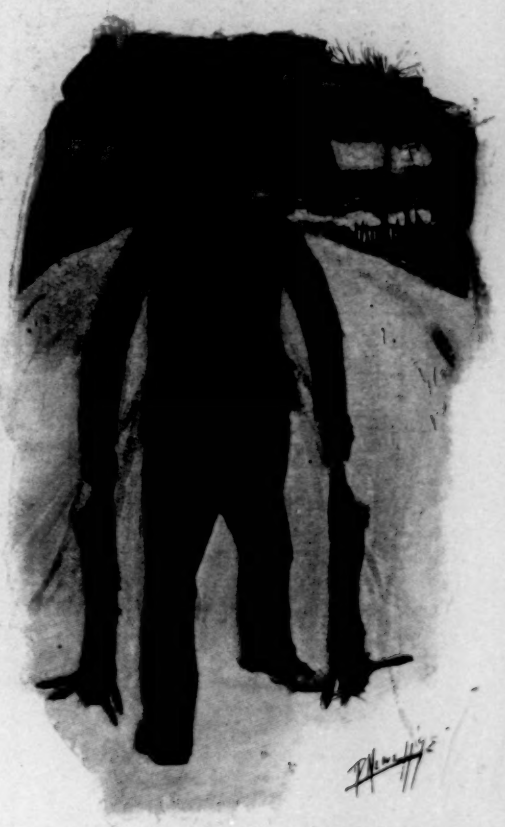
Rastus and his mother enjoyed the rabbit pie and apple dumplings, but Abe, Sam, and Mose missed the roast shoat.

"Dese rabbits is powerful good," Abe said; "but my jaws do watah fo' de shoat what I fattened fo' dis yere dinnah."

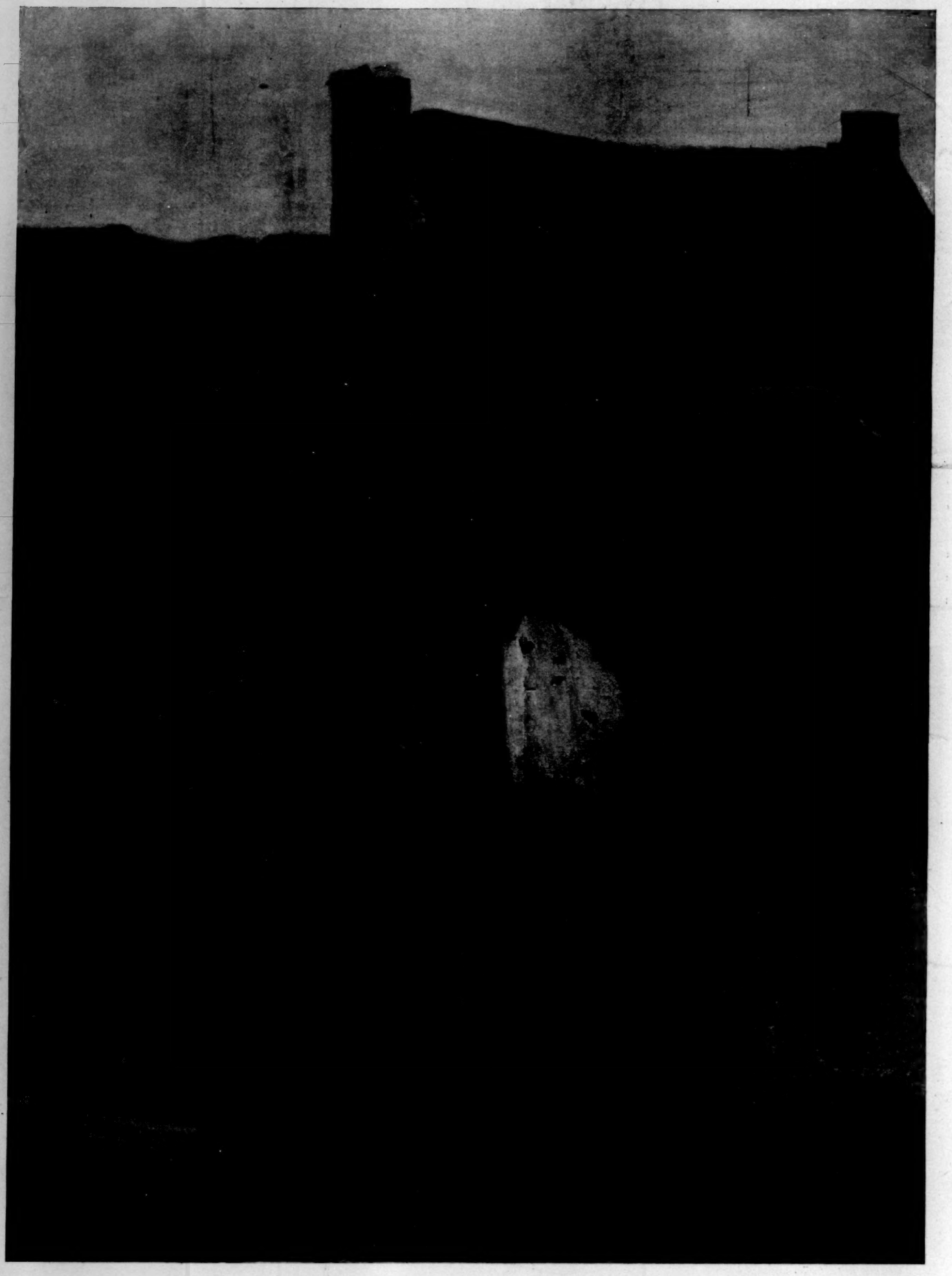
After the Christmas feast Abe put on his coat and hat, saying:

"I's gwine to spen' de rest o' dis day lookin' fo' de one what stole de shoat. I guess I'll call on Jake and Lee Tompkins, to see how dey is spendin' de day."

He went up the road toward the Tompkins house. Rastus sat on the door-yard fence, whistling like a thrush when the trees are blossoming. His mother, watching him from the window, wondered if it were Christmas or spring-time, so merry and dulcet were the tones that vibrated in the frosty air.

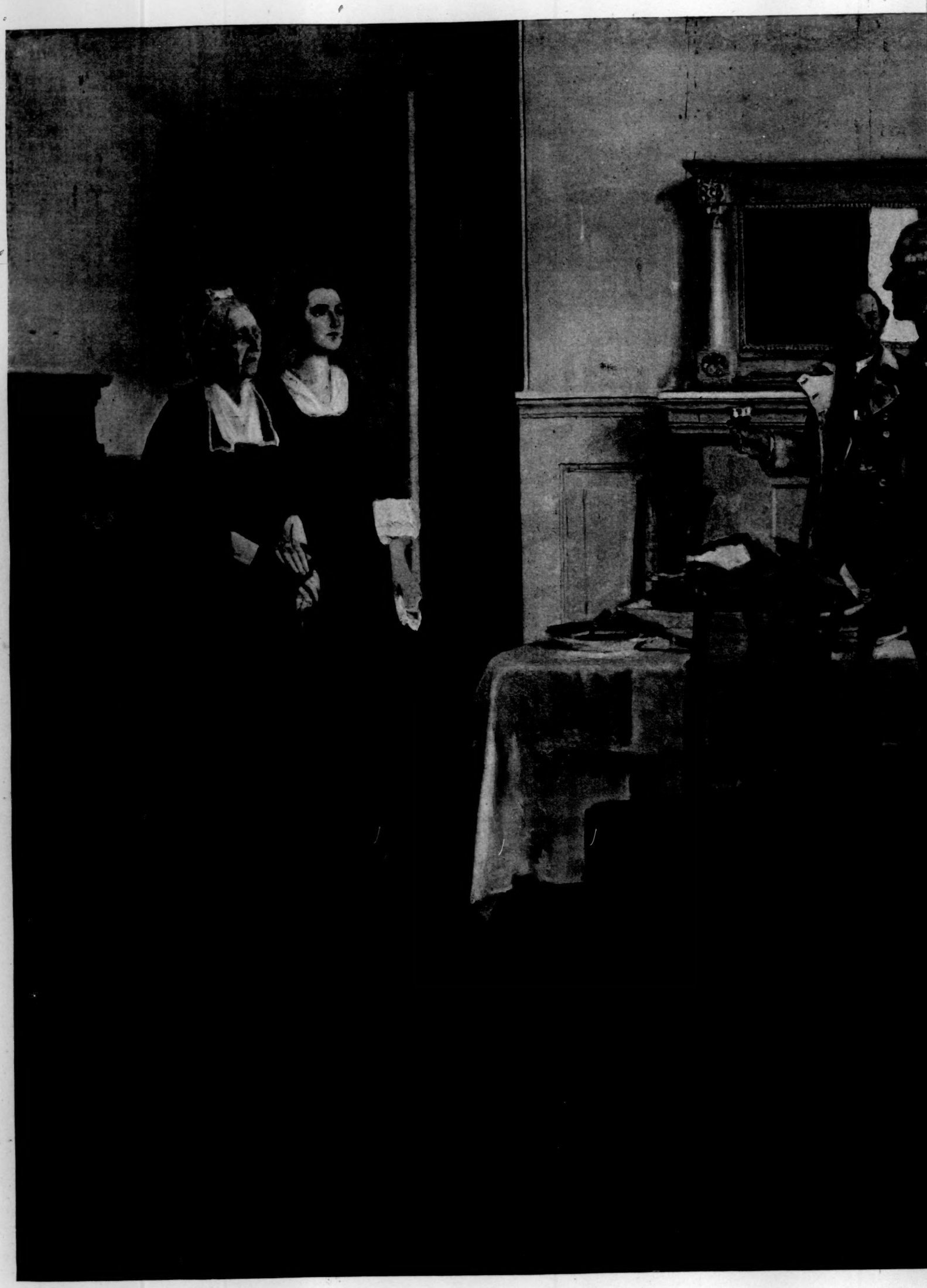


"RASTUS OBTAINED THE RABBITS, AND WENT WHISTLING DOWN THE ROAD."

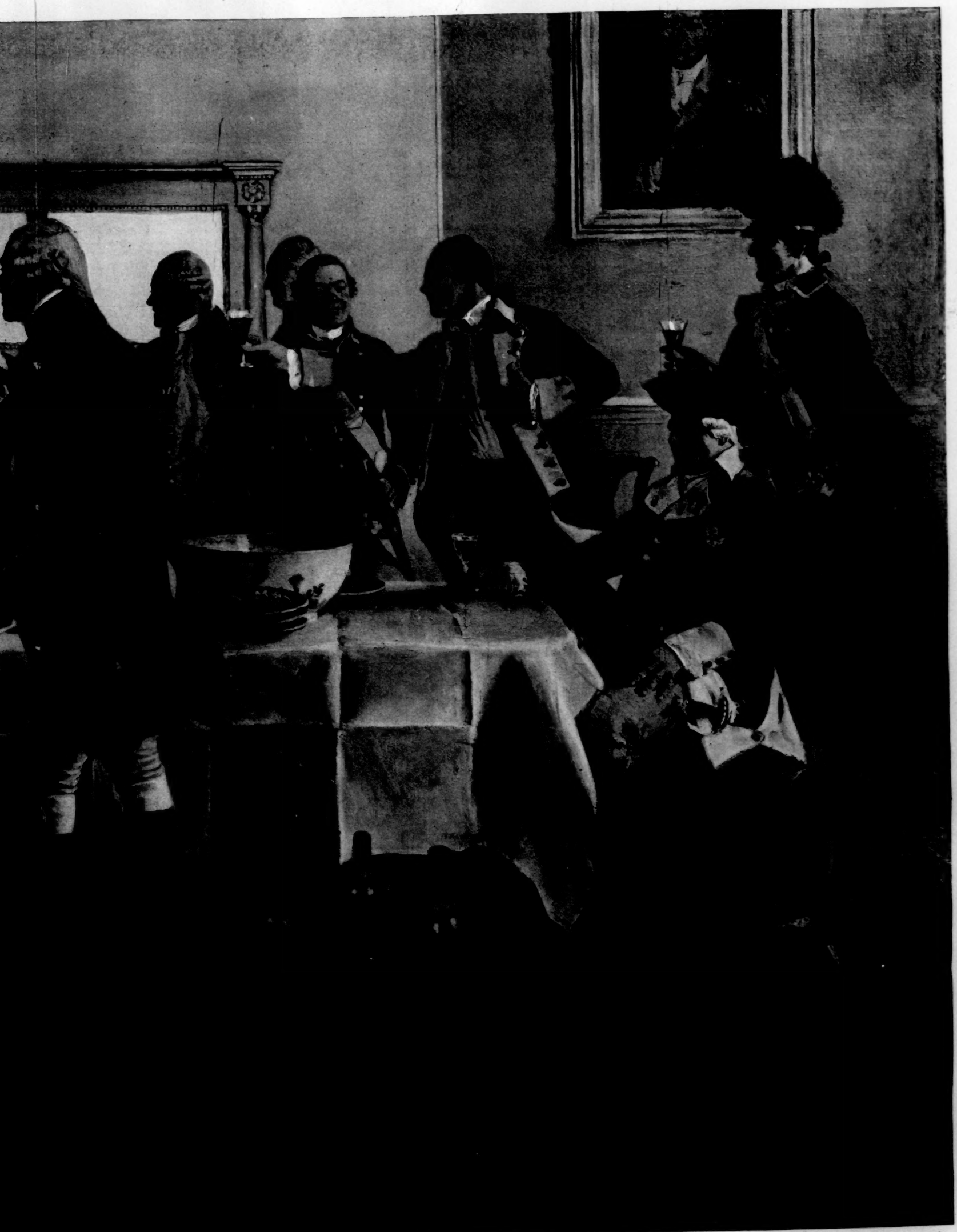


"JE VOUS SALUE, MARIE" (HAIL, MARY!).

From the Painting by Luc Olivier Merson. Purchased by the Exposition Fund for the Atlanta, Georgia, Museum of Fine Arts.



AN UNWELCOME TOAST.



AST.—From a Painting by Howard Pyle.

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THE MYSTERY OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S HAIR SOFA

IT happened last Christmas eve, and precisely as I am about to set it forth. It has been said by critics that I am a romancer of the wildest sort, but that is where my critics are wrong. I grant that the experiences through which I have passed, some of which have contributed to the gray matter in my hair, however little they may have augmented that within my cranium—experiences which I have from time to time set forth to the best of my poor abilities in the columns of this periodical—have been of an order so excessively supernatural as to give my critics a basis for their aspersions; but they do not know, as I do, that that basis is as uncertain as the shifting sands of the sea, inasmuch as in the setting forth of those episodes I have narrated them as faithfully as the most conscientious realist could wish, and am therefore myself a true and faithful follower of the realistic school. I cannot be blamed because these things happen to me. If I sat down in my study to imagine the strange incidents to which I have in the past called attention, with no other object in view than to make my readers unwilling to retire for the night, to destroy the peace of mind of those who are good enough to purchase my literary wares, or to titillate till tense the nerve tissue of the timid who come to smile and who depart unstrung, then should I deserve the severest condemnation; but these things I do not do. I have a mission in life which I hold as sacred as my good friend Mr. Howells holds his. Such phases of life as I see, I put down faithfully, and if the Fates in their wisdom have chosen to make of me the Balzac of the Supernatural, the Shakespeare of the Midnight Visitation, while elevating Mr. Howells to the high office of the Fielding of Massachusetts and its adjacent States, the Smollett of Boston, and the Sterne of Altruria, I can only regret that the powers have dealt more graciously with him than with me, and walk my little way as gracefully as I know how. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune I am prepared to suffer in all meekness of spirit; I accept them because it seems to me to be nobler in the mind so to do rather than by opposing to end them. And so to my story. I have prefaced it at such length for but one reason, and that is that I am aware that there will be those who will doubt the veracity of my tale, and so I am anxious at the outset to impress upon all the unquestioned fact that what I am about to tell is the plain unvarnished truth, and, as I have already said, it happened last Christmas eve.

I regret to have to say so, for it sounds so much like the description given to other Christmas eves by writers with a less conscientious regard for the truth than I possess, but the facts must be told, and I must therefore state that it was a wild and stormy night. The winds howled and moaned and made all sorts of curious noises, soughing through the bare limbs of the trees, whistling through the chimneys, and with reckless disregard of my children's need of rest, slamming doors until my house seemed to be the centre of a bombardment of no mean order. It is also necessary to state that the snow, which had been falling all day, had clothed the lawns and housetops in a dazzling drapery of white, and, not content with having done this to the satisfaction of all, was still falling, and, happily enough, as silently as usual. Were I the "wild romancer" that I have been called, I might have had the snow fall with a thunderous roar, but I cannot go to any such length. I love my fellow-beings, but there is a limit to my philanthropy, and I shall not have my snow fall noisily just to make a critic happy. I might do it to save his life, for I should hate to have a man die for the want of what I could give him with a stroke of my pen, and without any special effort, but until that emergency arises I shall not yield a jot in the manner of the falling of my snow.

Occasionally a belated home-comer would pass my house, the sleigh-bells strung about the ample proportions of his steed jingling loud above the roaring of the winds. My family had retired, and I sat alone in the glow of the blazing log—a very satisfactory gas affair—on the hearth. The flashing jet flames cast the usual grotesque shadows about the room, and my mind had thereby been reduced to that sensitive state which had hitherto betokened the coming of a visitor from other realms—a fact which I greatly regretted, for I was in no mood to be haunted. My first impulse, when I recognized the on-coming of that mental state which is evidenced by the goosing of one's flesh, if I may be allowed the expression, was to turn out the fire and go to bed. I have always found this the easiest method of ridding myself of unwelcome ghosts, and, conversely, I have observed that others who have been haunted unpleasantly have suffered in proportion to their failure to take what has always seemed to me to be the most natural course in the world—to hide their heads beneath the bedcovering. Brutus, when Cæsar's ghost appeared beside his couch, before the battle of Philippi, sat up and stared upon the horrid apparition, and suffered correspondingly, when it would have been much easier and more natural to put his head under his pillow, and so shut out the unpleasant spectacle. That is the course I have invariably pursued, and it has never failed me. The most luminous ghost man ever saw is utterly powerless to shine through a comfortably stuffed pillow, or the usual Christmas-time quota of woollen blankets. But upon this occasion I preferred to await developments. The real truth is that I was about written out in the matter of visitations, and needed a re-enforcement of my uncanny vein, which, far from being varicose, had become sclerotic, so dry had it been pumped by the demands to which it had been subjected by a clamorous, mystery-loving public. I had, I may as well confess it, run out of ghosts, and had come down to the writing of tales full of the horror of suggestion, leaving my readers unsatisfied through my failure to describe in detail just what kind of looking thing it was that had so aroused their apprehension; and one editor had gone so far as to reject my last ghost-story because I had worked him up to a fearful pitch of excitement, and left him there without any reasonable way out. I was face to face with a condition—which, briefly, was that hereafter that desirable market was closed to the products of my pen unless my contributions were accompanied by a diagram which should make my mysteries so plain that a little child could understand how it all came to pass. Hence it was that, instead of following my own convenience and taking refuge in my spectre-proof couch, I staid where I was. I had not long to wait. The dial in my fuel-meter belowstairs had hardly had time to register the consumption of three thousand feet of gas before the faint sound of a bell reached my straining ears—which, by-the-way, is an expression I profoundly hate, but must introduce because the public demands it, and a ghost-story without straining ears having therefore no chance of acceptance by a discriminating editor. I started from my chair and listened intently, but the ringing had stopped, and I settled back to the delights of a nervous chill, when again the deathly silence of the night—the wind had quieted in time to allow me the use of this faithful overworked phrase—was broken by the tintinnabulation of the bell. This time I recognized it as the electric bell operated by a push-button upon the right side of my front door. To rise and rush to the door was the work of a moment. It always is. In another instant I had flung it wide. This operation was singularly easy, considering that it was but a narrow door, and width was the last thing it could ever be suspected of, however forcible the fling. However, I did as I have said, and gazed out into the inky blackness of the night. As I had suspected, there was no one there, and I was at once convinced that the dreaded moment had come. I was certain that at the instant of my turning to re-enter my library I should see something which would make my brain throb madly and my pulses start. I did not therefore instantly turn, but let the wind blow the door to with a loud clatter, whilst I walked quickly into my dining-room and drained a glass of cooking-sherry to the dregs. I do not introduce the cooking-sherry here for the purpose of eliciting a laugh from the reader, but in order to be faithful to life as we live it. All our other sherry had been used by the queen of the kitchen for cooking purposes, and this was all we had left for the table. It is always so in real life, let critics say what they will.

This done, I returned to the library, and sustained my first shock. The unexpected had happened. There was still no one there. Surely this ghost was an original, and I began to be interested.

"Perhaps he is a modest ghost," I thought, "and is a little shy about manifesting his presence. That, indeed, would be original, seeing how bold the spectres of commerce usually are, intruding themselves always upon the privacy of those who are not at all minded to receive them."

Confident that something would happen, and speedily at that, I sat down to wait, lighting a cigar for company; for burning gas-logs are not as sociable as their hissing, spluttering originals, the genuine logs, in a state of ignition. Several times I started up nervously, feeling as if there was something standing behind me about to place a clammy hand upon my shoulder, and as many times did I resume my attitude of comfort, disappointed. Once I seemed to see a minute spirit floating in the air before me, but investigation showed that it was nothing more than the fanciful curling of the clouds of smoke I had blown from my lips. An hour passed and nothing occurred, save that my heart from throbbing took to leaping in a fashion which filled me with concern. A few minutes later, however, I heard a strange sound at the window, and my leaping heart stood still. The strain upon my tense nerves was becoming unbearable.

"I DRAINED A GLASS OF COOKING-SHERRY TO THE DREGS."

"AS I HAD SUSPECTED, THERE WAS NO ONE THERE."

"At last!" I whispered to myself, hoarsely, drawing a deep breath, and pushing with all my force into the soft upholstered back of my chair. Then I leaned forward and watched the window, momentarily expecting to see it raised by unseen hands; but it never budged. Then I watched the glass anxiously, half hoping, half fearing to see something pass through it; but nothing came, and I began to get irritable.

I looked at my watch, and saw that it was half past one o'clock.

"Hang you!" I cried, "whatever you are, why don't you appear and be done with it? The idea of keeping a man up until this hour of the night!"

Then I listened for a reply; but there was none.

"What do you take me for?" I continued, querulously. "Do you suppose I have nothing else to do but to wait upon your Majesty's pleasure? Surely, with all the time you've taken to make your début, you must be something of unusual horror."

Again there was no answer, and I decided that petulance was of no avail. Some other tack was necessary, and I decided to appeal to his sympathies—granting that ghosts have sympathies to appeal to, and I have met some who were so human in this respect that I have found it hard to believe that they were truly ghosts.

"I say, old chap," I said, as genially as I could, considering the situation—I was nervous, and the amount of gas consumed by the logs was beginning to bring up visions of bankruptcy before my eyes—"hurry up and begin your haunting—there's a good fellow. I'm a father—please remember that—and this is Christmas eve. The children will be up in about three hours, and if you've ever been a parent yourself you know what that means. I must have some rest, so come along and show yourself, like the good spectre you are, and let me go to bed."

I think myself it was a very moving address, but it helped me not a jot. The thing must have had a heart of stone, for it never made answer.

"What?" said I, pretending to think it had spoken and I had not heard distinctly; but the visitant was not to be caught napping, even though I had good reason to believe that he had fallen asleep. He, she, or it, whatever it was, maintained a silence as deep as it was aggravating. I smoked furiously on to restrain my growing wrath. Then it occurred to me that the thing might have some pride, and I resolved to work on that.

"Of course I should like to write you up," I said, with a sly wink at myself. "I imagine you'd attract a good deal of attention in the literary world. Judging from the time it takes you to get ready, you ought to make a good magazine story—not one of those comic ghost-tales that can be dashed off in a minute, and ultimately get published in a book at the author's expense. You stir so little that, as things go by contraries, you'll make a stirring tale. You're long enough, I might say, for a three-volume novel—but—ah—I can't do you unless I see you. You must be seen to be appreciated. I can't imagine you, you know. Let's see, now, if I can guess what kind of a ghost you are. Um! You must be terrifying in the extreme—you'd make a man shiver in mid-August in mid-Africa. Your eyes are unfathomably green. Your smile would drive the sanest mad. Your hands are cold and clammy as a—ah—as a hot-water bag four hours after."

And so I went on for ten minutes, praising him up to the skies, and ending up with a pathetic appeal that he should manifest his presence. It may be that I puffed him up so that he burst, but, however that may be, he would not condescend to reply, and I grew angry in earnest.

"Very well," I said, savagely, jumping up from my chair and turning off the gas-log. "Don't! Nobody asked you to come in the first place, and nobody's going to complain if you sulk in your tent like Achilles. I don't want to see you. I could fake up a better ghost than you are anyhow—in fact, I fancy that's what's the matter with you. You know what a miserable specimen you are—couldn't frighten a mouse if you were ten times as horrible. You're ashamed to show yourself—and I don't blame you. I'd be that way too if I were you."

I walked half-way to the door, momentarily expecting to have him call me back; but he didn't. I had to give him a parting shot.

"You probably belong to a ghost union—don't you? That your secret? Ordered out on strike, and won't do any haunting after sundown unless some other employer of unskilled ghosts pays his spooks skilled wages."

I had half a notion that the word "spook" would draw him out, for I have noticed that ghosts do not like to be called spooks any more than negroes like to be called "niggers." They consider it vulgar. He never yielded in his reserve, however, and after locking up I went to bed.

For a time I could not sleep, and I began to wonder if I had been just, after all. Possibly there was no spirit within miles of me. The symptoms were all there, but might not that have been due to my depressed condition—for it does depress a writer to have one of his best veins become sclerotic—I asked myself, and finally, as I went off to sleep, I concluded that I had been in the wrong all through, and had imagined there was something there when there really was not.

"Very likely the ringing of the bell was due to the wind," I said, as I dozed off. "Of course it would take a very heavy wind to blow the button in, but then—" and then I fell asleep, convinced that no ghost had ventured within a mile of me that night. But when morning came I was undeceived. Something must have visited us that Christmas eve, and something very terrible; for while I was dressing for breakfast I heard my wife calling loudly from below.

"I SAW THAT A GREAT CHANGE HAD COME OVER IT."

"Henry!" she cried. "Please come down here at once."

"I can't. I'm only half shaved," I answered.

"Never mind that," she returned. "Come at once."

So, with the lather on one cheek and a cut on the other, I went below.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Look at that!" she said, pointing to my grandmother's hair sofa, which stood in the hall just outside of my library door.

It had been black when we last saw it, but as I looked I saw that a great change had come over it.

It had turned white in a single night!

Now I can't account for this strange incident, nor can any one else, and I do not intend to try. It is too awful a mystery for me to attempt to penetrate, but the sofa is there in proof of all that I have said concerning it, and any one who desires can call and see it at any time. It is not necessary for them to see me; they need only ask to see the sofa, and it will be shown.

We have had it removed from the hall to the white and gold parlor, for we cannot bear to have it stand in any of the rooms we use.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AN ASSISTED EMIGRANT.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

GUIDO stood on the curb-stone in Fourteenth Street, between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue, with a row of plaster figures drawn up on the sidewalk in front of him. It was snowing, and they looked cold in consequence, especially the Night and Morning. A line of men and boys stretched on either side of Guido all along the curb-stone, with toys and dolls, and guns that shot corks into the air with a loud report, and glittering dressings for the Christmas trees. It was the day before Christmas. The man who stood next in line to Guido had hideous black monkeys that danced from the end of a rubber string. The man danced up and down too, very much, so Guido thought, as the monkeys did, and stamped his feet on the icy pavement, and shouted: "Here yer are, lady, for five cents. Take them home to the children." There were hundreds and hundreds of ladies and little girls crowding by all the time; some of them were a little cross and a little tired, as if Christmas shopping had told on their nerves, but the greater number were happy-looking and warm, and some stopped and laughed at the monkeys dancing on the rubber strings, and at the man with the frost on his mustache, who jumped too, and cried, "Only five cents, lady—nice Christmas presents for the children." Sometimes the ladies bought the monkeys, but no one looked at the cold plaster figures of St. Joseph, and Diana, and Night and Morning, nor at the heads of Mars and Minerva—not even at the figure of the Virgin, with her two hands held out, which Guido pressed in his arms against his breast. Guido had been in New York city just one month. He was very young—so young that he had never done anything at home but sit on the wharves and watch the ships come in and out of the great harbor of Genoa. He never wished to depart with these ships when they sailed away, nor wondered greatly as to where they went. He was content with the wharves and with the narrow streets near by, and to look up from the bulkheads at the sailors working in the rigging, and the longshoremen rolling the casks on board, or lowering great square boxes into the holds. He would have liked, could he have had his way, to live so for the rest of his life; but they would not let him have his way, and sent him off on a ship to the New World to meet his uncle. He was not a real uncle, but only a make-believe one, to satisfy those who objected to assisted immigrants, and who wished to be assured against having to support Guido, and others like him. But they were not half so anxious to keep Guido at home as he himself was to remain there. The new uncle met him at Ellis Island, and embraced him affectionately, and put him in an express wagon, and drove him with a great many more of his countrymen to where Mulberry Street makes a bend and joins Hester. And in the Bend Guido found thousands of his fellows sleeping twenty in a room and over-crowded into the street: some who had but just arrived, and others who had already learned to swear in English, and had their street-cleaning badges and their peddler's licenses, to show that they had not been overlooked by the kindly society of Tammany, which sees that no free and independent voter shall go unrewarded. New York affected Guido like a bad dream. It was cold, muddy, and the snow when it fell turned to mud so quickly that Guido believed they were one and the same. He did not dare to think of the place he knew as home. And the sight of the colored advertisements of the steamship lines that hung in the windows of the Italian bankers hurt him as the sound of traffic on the street cuts to the heart of a prisoner in the Tombs. Many of his countrymen bade good-by to Mulberry Street and sailed away; but they had grown rich through obeying the padrones, and working night and morning sweeping the Avenue uptown, and by living on the refuse from the scows at Canal Street. Guido never hoped to grow rich, and no one stopped to buy his uncle's wares.

The electric lights came out, and still the crowd passed and thronged before him, and the snow fell and left no mark on the white figures. Guido was growing cold, and the bustle of the hurrying hundreds which had entertained him earlier in the day had ceased to interest him, and his amusement had given place to the fear that no one of them would ever stop, and that he would return to his uncle empty-handed. He was hungry now, as well as cold, and though there was not much rich food in the Bend at any time, to-day he had had nothing to eat of any quality since early morning. The man with the monkeys turned his head from time to time, and spoke to him in the language he could not understand; although he saw that it was something amusing and well meant that the man said, and so smiled back and nodded. He felt it to be quite a loss when the man finally moved away. Guido thought very slowly, but he at last began to feel a certain contempt for the stiff statues and busts which no one wanted, and buttoned the figure of the one of the woman with her arms held out inside of his jacket, and tucked his scarf in around it, so that it might not be broken, and also that it might not bear the ignominy with the others of being overlooked. Guido was a gentle, slow-thinking boy, and could not have told you why he did this, but he knew that this figure was of different clay from the others. He had seen it placed high in the cathedrals at home, and he had been told that if you ask certain things of it, it will listen to you.

The women and children began to disappear from the crowd, and the necessity of selling some of his wares impressed itself more urgently upon him as the night grew darker and possible customers fewer. He concluded he had taken up a bad position, and that instead of waiting for customers to come to him, he would go seek for them, and with this purpose in his mind he gathered the figures together upon his tray, and resting it upon his shoulder, moved further along the street, to Broadway, where the crowd was greater and the shops more brilliantly lit. He had good cause to be watchful, for the sidewalks were slippery with ice, and the people rushed and hurried and brushed past him without noticing the burden he carried on one shoulder. He wished now that he knew some words of this new language, that he might call his wares and challenge the notice of the passers-by, as did the other men who shouted so continually and vehemently at the hurrying crowds. He did not know what might not happen if he failed to sell one of his statues; it was a possibility so awful that he did not dare conceive of its punishment. But he could do nothing, and so stood silent, dumbly presenting his tray to the people near him. His wanderings brought him to the corner of a street, and he started to cross this, in the hope of better fortune in untried territory. There was no need of his hurrying to do this, although a car was coming towards him, so he stepped carefully but surely. But as he reached the middle of the track a man came towards him from the opposite pavement; they met and hesitated, and then both jumped to the same side, and the man's shoulder struck the tray and threw the white figures flying to the track, where the horses tramped over them on their way. Guido fell backwards, frightened and shaken, and the car stopped, and the driver and the conductor leaned out anxiously from each end.

There seemed to be hundreds of people all around Guido, and some of them picked him up and asked him questions in a very loud voice, as though that would make the language they spoke more intelligible. Two men took Guido by each arm and talked with him in earnest tones, and punctuated their questions by shaking him gently. He could not answer them, but only sobbed, and beat his hands softly together, and looked about him for a chance to escape. The conductor of the car jerked the strap violently, and the car went on its way. Guido watched the conductor, as he stood with his hands in his pockets looking back at him. Guido had a confused idea that the people on the car might pay him for the plaster figures, which had been scattered in the slush and snow, so that the heads and arms and legs lay on every side or ground into heaps of white powder. But when the car disappeared into the night he gave up this hope, and pulling himself free from his captor, slipped through the crowd and ran off into a side street. A man who had seen the accident had been trying to take up a collection in the crowd (which had grown less sympathetic and less numerous in consequence), and had gathered more than the plaster casts were worth; but Guido did not know this, and

when they came to look for him he was gone, and the bareheaded gentleman, with his hat full of coppers and dimes, was left in much embarrassment. Guido walked to Washington Square, and sat down on a bench to rest, and then curled over quickly, and stretching himself out at full length, wept bitterly. When any one passed he held his breath and pretended to be asleep. He did not know what he was to do or where he was to go. Such a calamity as this had never entered into his calculations of the evils which might overtake him, and it overwhelmed him utterly. A policeman touched him with his night-stick, and spoke to him kindly enough, but the boy only backed away from the man until he was out of his reach, and then ran on again, slipping and stumbling on the ice and snow. He ran to Christopher Street, through Greenwich Village, and on to the wharves. It was quite late, and he had recovered from his hunger, and only felt a sick tired ache at his heart. His feet were heavy and numb, and he was very sleepy. People passed him continually, and doors opened into churches and into noisy glaring saloons and crowded shops, but it did not seem possible to him that there could be any relief from any source for the sorrow that had befallen him. It seemed too awful, and as impossible to mend as it would be to bring the crushed plaster into shape again. He considered dully that his uncle would miss him and wait for him, and that his anger would increase with every moment of his delay. He felt that he could never return to his uncle again. Then he came to another park, opening out into a square, with lighted saloons on one side, and on the other great sheds, with ships lying beside them, and the electric lights showing their spars and masts against the sky. It had ceased snowing, but the air from the river was piercing and cold, and swept through the wires overhead with a ceaseless moaning. The numbness had crept from his feet up over the whole extent of his little body, and he dropped upon a flight of steps back of a sailors' boarding-house, and shoved his hands inside his jacket for possible warmth. His fingers touched the figure he had hidden there and closed upon it lightly, and then his head dropped back against the wall, and he fell into a heavy sleep. The night passed on and grew colder, and the wind came across the ice-blocked river with shriller, sharper blasts, but Guido did not hear it.

"Chuckey" Martin, who blacked boots in front of the corner saloon in summer and swept out the bar-room in winter, came out through the family entrance and dumped a pan of hot ashes into the snow-bank, and then turned into the house with a shiver. He saw a mass of something lying curled up on the steps of the next house, and remembered it after he had closed the door of the family entrance behind him and shoved the pan under the stove. He decided finally that it might be one of the saloon's customers, or a stray sailor with loose change in his pockets, which he would not miss when he awoke. So he went out again, and picking Guido up, brought him in in his arms and laid him out on the floor. There were over thirty men in the place; they had been celebrating the coming of Christmas; and three of them pushed each other out of the way in their eagerness to pour very bad brandy between Guido's teeth. "Chuckey" Martin felt a sense of proprietorship in Guido, by the right of discovery, and resented this, pushing them away, and protesting that the thing to do was to rub his feet with snow. A fat oily chief engineer of an Italian tramp steamer dropped on his knees beside Guido and beat the boy's hands, and with unsteady fingers tore open his scarf and jacket, and as he did this the figure of the plaster Virgin with her hands stretched out looked up at him from its bed on Guido's chest. Some of the sailors drew their hands quickly across their breasts, and others swore in some alarm, and the barkeeper drank the glass of whiskey he had brought for Guido at a gulp, and then readjusted his apron to show that nothing had disturbed his equanimity. Guido sat up, with his head against the chief engineer's knees, and opened his eyes, and his ears were greeted with words in his own tongue. They gave him hot coffee and hot soup and more brandy, and he told his story in a burst of words that flowed like a torrent of tears—how he had been stolen from his home at Genoa, where he used to watch the boats from the stone pier in front of the custom-house (at which the sailors nodded), and how the padrone, who was not his uncle, finding he could not black boots nor sell papers, had given him these plaster casts to sell, and how he had whipped him when people would not buy them, and how at last he had tripped, and broken them all except this one hidden in his breast, and how he had gone to sleep, and he asked now why had they wakened him, for he had no place to go.

Guido remembered telling them this, and following them by their gestures as they retold it to the others in a strange language, and then the lights began to spin, and the faces grew distant, and he reached out his hand for the fat chief engineer, and felt his arms tightening around him.

A cold wind woke Guido, and the sound of something throbbing and beating like a great clock. He was very warm and tired and lazy, and when he raised his head he touched the ceiling close above him, and when he opened his eyes he found himself in a little room with a square table covered with oil-cloth in the centre, and rows of beds like shelves around the walls. The room rose and fell as the streets did when he had had nothing to eat, and he scrambled out of the warm blankets and crawled fearfully up a flight of narrow stairs. There was water on either side of him, beyond and behind him—water blue and white and dancing in the sun, with great blocks of dirty ice tossing on its surface. And behind him lay the odious city of New York, with its great bridge and high buildings, and before him the open sea. The chief engineer crawled up from the engine-room and came towards him, rubbing the perspiration from his face with a dirty towel.

"Good-morning," he called out. "You are feeling pretty well?"

"Yes."

"It is Christmas day. Do you know where you are going—you are going to Italy, to Genoa. It is over there," he said, pointing with his finger. "Go back to your bed and keep warm."

He picked Guido up in his arms, and ran with him down the companionway, and tossed him back into his berth. Then he pointed to the shelf at one end of the little room, above the sheet-iron stove. The plaster figure Guido had wrapped in his breast had been put there and lashed to its place.

"That will bring us good luck and a quick voyage," said the chief engineer.

Guido lay quite still until the fat engineer had climbed up the companionway again and permitted the sunlight to once more enter the cabin. Then he crawled out of his berth and dropped on his knees, and raised up his hands to the plaster figure which no one would buy.

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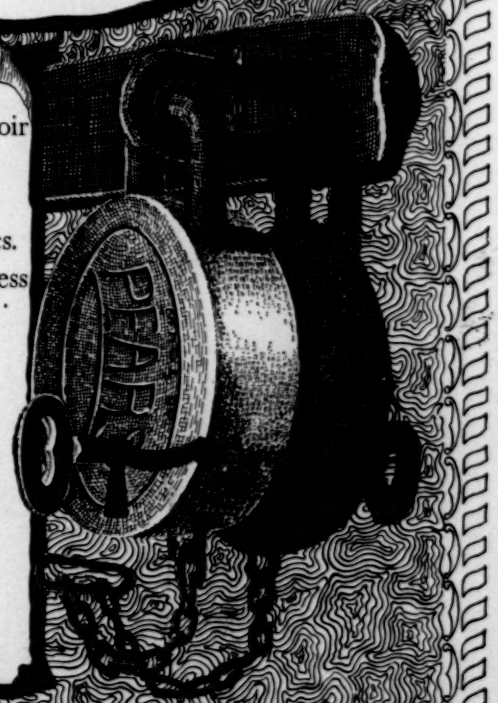

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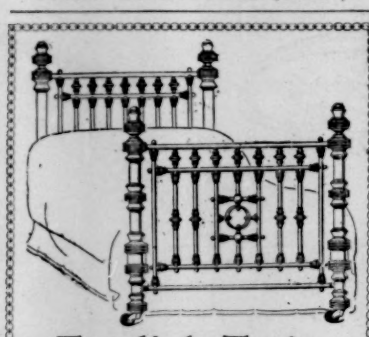

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If you cannot obtain it of your dealer, order direct of
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ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD, commencing on the 20th day of November, 1895, and continuing therein consecutively for nine days thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following-named avenues, and street in the following wards:

Twenty-third Ward: Longwood Avenue, from Southern Boulevard to Tiffany Street. Cromwell Avenue, between Jerome and Inwood Avenues.

Twenty-fourth Ward: Cammann Street, from Harlem Terrace to Fordham Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, November 25, 1895.

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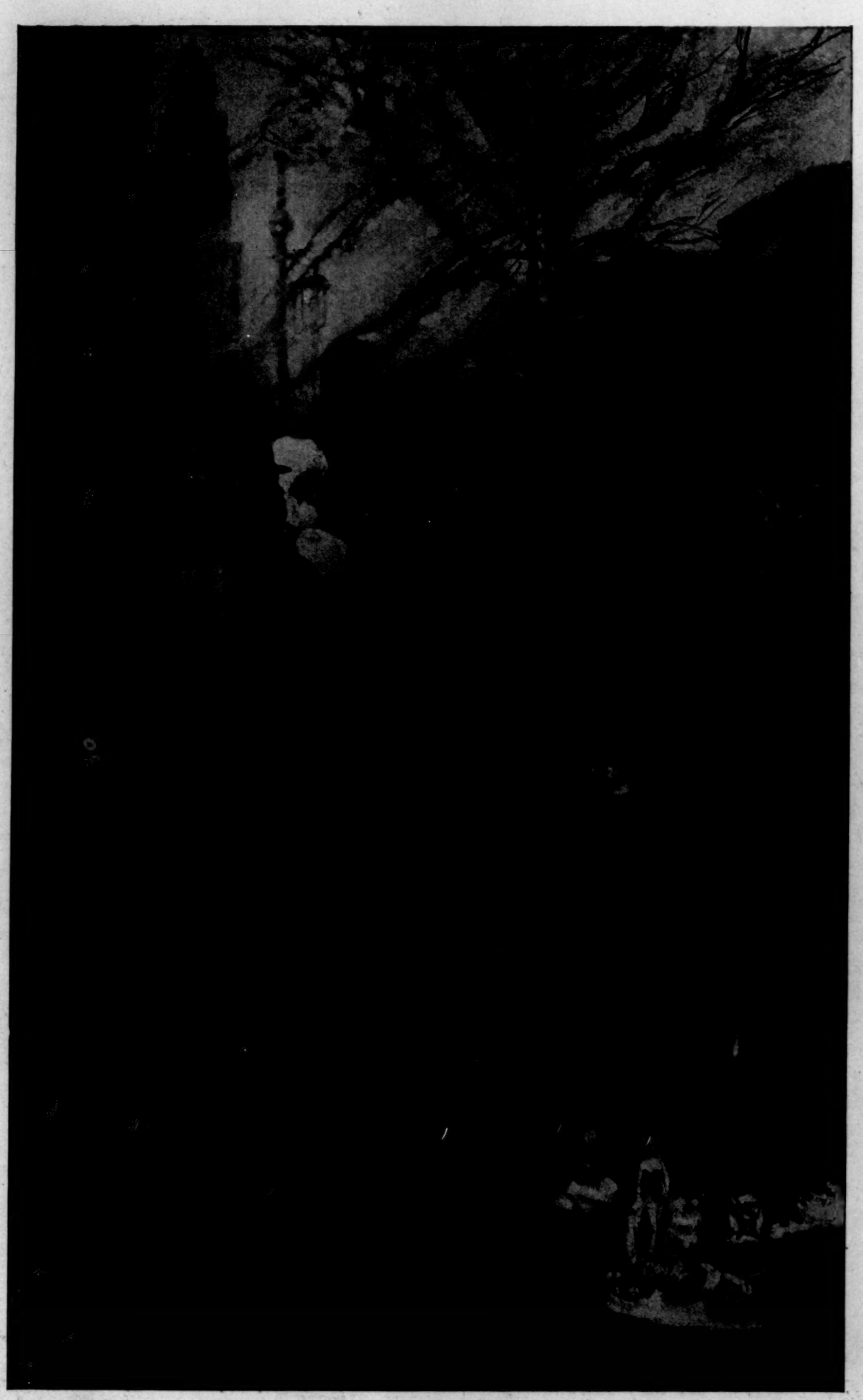

AN ASSISTED EMIGRANT.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.—[See Page 1194.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, while on a recent visit to Chicago, was fortunate enough to get leave from his conscience to say that in his opinion it is certain that Chicago is destined to be the literary centre of this country. To experience such a sentiment as that while in Chicago was fortuitous indeed. Of course Colonel Johnston may be right about it; Chicago is bound to be a literary centre of considerable magnitude. Whether it outcentres New York depends upon various things; among others, on the relative value of salt water and fresh water as bases of inspiration. Reckoning from San Francisco to London, New York is more central than Chicago, and no doubt before Chicago culminates we shall have completed the annexation of Great Britain, intellectually at least, if not corporeally.

Colonel Johnston is also quoted as observing that he is not well enough informed on literary affairs in either New York or Boston to say which is the leading city from a literary point of view. He can easily learn if he cares to, and whether he applies in Boston or in New York it is probable that he will get the same information. Where the greatest market for literature exists, there the greatest literary centre is pretty sure to be found. If Colonel Johnston had a fuller comprehension of the present importance of the literary market of New York, it is possible that his convictions about Chicago's literary destinies might be shaken. Still, Chicago's hopes are boundless, and he can hardly expect for her more than she expects for herself.

Colonel Johnston is doubtless right in considering that Mr. E. C. Stedman's "style of Grecian thought and sentiment is unapproachable by any poet on this side of the Atlantic," but when he says that "we have no great literary lights to-day, either in prose or verse, who can compare with those who are gone," one wonders if he is familiar with the poetical deliverances of Mr. Riley of Indiana. Mr. Riley is a good poet, and though he is a Hoosier, and does not approach Mr. Stedman's style of Grecian thought, his output is abundantly appreciated by American readers, and the demand for it is large and steady.

The extreme height of fire-proof buildings to be built hereafter in San Francisco will be 130 feet, and that altitude will only be permitted on streets not less than 100 feet wide. On narrower streets the limit of height is 100 feet. In

(Continued on page 1199.)

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Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.

THIS BUSY WORLD.—(*Continued from page* 1197.)

old times the earthquake habit in San Francisco was effectual in restraining the ambition of builders, but if new methods of construction have made that check insufficient, the supervisors have done well to impose an artificial one.

There is reason to believe that the mania for excessively high buildings in cities of moderate size is abating. For some years men of enterprise in our smaller cities have shown an ambitious desire to emulate the cloud-capped structures of Chicago and New York, but it is one thing to build a cloud-capped office building on a lot worth a million dollars, and quite a different thing to put it up on a lot worth a hundred thousand dollars, and some builders in the smaller cities have become somewhat ruefully aware of the difference.

Some one who wrote not long ago in the *Evening Post* about pilots says they must have a good constitution to start with, and that it must be well seasoned, and goes on to say: "It may seem gratuitous, but it should also be added that the originally sound and subsequently experienced constitution must also have a special adaptation to derive the maximum of good and the minimum of evil from the reviving power of alcohol and the sustaining solace of nicotine; for both are inevitable, yet the inferiority of consumption to capacity is imperative." Is it taught, do you suppose, in our public schools, as part of the instruction lately prescribed by law, that some constitutions are adapted to get this maximum of good and minimum of evil out of rum and tobacco, and that other constitutions experience inverse results? It seems as much a part of the ascertained truth about smoking and drinking that these constitutional differences are very prevalent as that the subordination of consumption to capacity should be imperative.

In his new story, *The Martian*, Mr. Du Maurier ventures again outside of the ordinary range of human experience, yet he does not get out of this world altogether, for he gives advance notice of his return in the new book to the period of his school days, to student days and artist life in Dusseldorf and Antwerp, and to the Paris and London of nearly half a century ago. "Once again," he has been saying to a writer in *The Sketch*, "I make use of the supernatural. Some hypnotist authorities say *Trilby* is conceivable; some, with greater emphasis, say not. But, *que voulez-vous?* It was a little tale, woven in a quiet corner to amuse myself, and such as cared to be amused. It has no 'message.' And my 'supernaturals' must do just as I, and not the scientists, may choose. But the scientists, I think, whatever they thought of me, would not despise some of my correspondence. For, since *Peter Ibbetson* appeared (the better book, if my judgment were sought), letters have poured in upon me dealing with double-dreaming and strange fantastic phenomena—literature enough to base another Psychical Research Society upon."

It is Mr. Du Maurier's extraordinary gift that his dreams and his supernaturalisms are as natural as most people's realities, and a good deal more interesting. He is so saturated with lively human experience that it enters into the creatures of his imagination, and gives body to his phantoms and human interest to the experiences of his spooks. If Swedenborg had had his remarkable faculty, it would never have been necessary to provide for the gratuitous distribution of his works.

Writing home from New York in 1853, Thackeray said: "I have come away from the South not so horrified as perhaps I ought to be with slavery, which in the towns is not by any means a horrifying institution. . . . It is a dreary, unpicturesque country for the most part. I have not seen a dozen picturesque views through all my wanderings, nor ever cared to use a pencil except to sketch a negro or two."

What the face of nature was in the South forty years ago, that for the most part it still is; but in one particular at least it is a more interesting region than when Thackeray travelled through it. History was made there not long after his visit, and the land is dotted with battle-fields, the most important of which have been turned into public parks, and are marked with monuments which tell what happened there. The movement, already far in progress, to make national military parks of all the great battle-fields of the civil war, is acceptable to every one, and finds as strong support in the South as in the North. The latest park to be planned is at Vicksburg. At a meeting of survivors of the war, held in that city on October 22d, the Vicksburg National Military Park Association was organized, and officers and directors were chosen, an equal number from the North and from the South. A party from Chicago went to Vicksburg some time ago to look over the ground, and take such action in conjunction with the Southern members as may induce Congress to locate the park and assume charge of it. The president of the association is General Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi; the secretary, Captain W. T. Rigby, of Mount Vernon, Iowa. There was great fighting at Vicksburg, and no doubt the association will find Congress amenable to its persuasions as to the propriety of establishing a military park there.

Philadelphia seems to have resigned itself to the prospective permanency of its City Hall, and has gritted its teeth and resolved to make it as handsome as possible inside. It has appropriated five thousand dollars to cover the expenses of a competition for sketches for mural and other decorative painting, and the Commissioners for Public Buildings, with the co-operation of the committee of the art institutions of Philadelphia, invite a competition for the adornment of Room 400, which is one of a suite occupied by the municipal legislature, and is said to be well adapted to mural decoration of great merit. The best design gets a prize of $3000; the next best, $1000; the next, $750. A copy of the rules of the competition may be obtained from William B. Land, Esq., secretary, Room 453, City Hall, Philadelphia.

One of the interesting sales of the winter will be that at which Mr. William M. Chase disposes of the collection of bric-à-brac and works of art which has long been in the process of accumulation in his famous studio in Tenth Street. The studio is perhaps the best known in New York, and, having figured in literature, is familiar to the thousands who have read about it, as well as to the hundreds who know it by personal inspection. For twenty-five years Mr. Chase has been adorning and enriching it with all sorts of valuables which have appealed to his discriminating fancy. His whole collection is to be moved to the galleries of the American Art Association, where it will be exhibited during the first week in January, and then sold at auction. It includes tapestries and hangings, bronzes, brasses, and porcelains, cabinets, chairs, and other rare pieces of furniture, and pictures of merit, representing the best schools from the Renaissance until now, together with many copies of Velasquez and other masters, done by Mr. Chase, and several of his own original canvases. With the other treasures will be sold Mr. Chase's remarkable collection of finger-rings, more than six hundred of them, all notable for one reason or another, and constituting the most remarkable private collection of the sort in America, and possibly in the world.

The devastation of Mr. Chase's studio, which cannot be contemplated without regret, is due to his purpose to change his field of labor, give up the teaching which for many years has occupied a large share of his time, and devote all his time to painting. He has arranged to take a class of artists and art students to Madrid for work and study there during the months of February, March, and April, returning in time for the opening of the Shinnecock School of Art on June 1st. After next summer his painting will be done in a studio in his house in Stuyvesant Square.

A friend of the WEEKLY writes from Colorado to say that "Brunswick stew," mentioned in the WEEKLY in a recent letter from Atlanta, is not named after the Hotel Brunswick in New York, but is a well-known Virginian dish, which hails from Brunswick County, in the Old Dominion. He says: "The compounding of it is a matter of some caprice, the one absolute requirement being that the foundation shall be squirrel. During the hard days of the war it was not a side attraction alone, but the only form in which meat appeared upon many tables."

The New England Sabbath Protective League is perfecting its organization and getting ready for business. Its object is "to defend the Sabbath against the persistent encroachments upon its sacredness by business and pleasure." It aims "to defend and secure such legislation as will maintain a proper observance of the Lord's day, and prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and the immoral from corrupting the young and inexperienced." It has a vice-president from each New England State. Neal Dow is the one from Maine, and ex-Senator Blair the one from New Hampshire. Among the members of its executive board are Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Plummer Professor Peabody, of Harvard. The League has a secretary, the Rev. Dr. Kneeland, who gives all his time to its affairs, and who says it is its purpose to establish a branch in every town in New England, so that there shall be some organized means of enforcing a better observance of Sunday as a day of stillness and rest.

Sunday is the most valuable day in the week, and the best worth looking out for. It needs protection from time to time in some places, and if this New England League and other similar organizations can protect it in the right way and to the right degree, its work may be truly useful. Dr. Kneeland says it isn't the intention of the New England League to bring back the Sunday laws to the old Puritan or Jewish standard, but merely to stiffen the laws a bit where they seem to have grown too lax for the public good. One or two points it is always well for Sunday regulators to have in mind, and especially this, that Jesus Christ, who had not the advantage of a Puritan ancestry, is an authority of very doubtful value to overzealous Sabbatarians.

The students of Union College who were lately discovered to be burglars were nineteen and twenty-one years old. The four boy bandits who wrecked the mail-train on the New York Central Railroad last month were all eighteen or nineteen years old. Neither the Union College students nor the boy bandits showed the slightest business sense in their operations, or any sort of appreciation of what they were about. They were crazy young fools, all of them; criminals rather through the exceptional monstrousness of their ignorance and folly than because of anything that seems fit to be called deliberate criminal purpose. For foolish and depraved boys the age between seventeen and twenty-two seems to be the most hazardous time of life. Lads of that age are freed in great measure from parental restraint, and have begun to take care of themselves. They have come to feel in their strength the most dangerous physical impulses to which men are subject. They can see the possibilities of crime, but they have a very slight and inadequate appreciation of the wages and consequences of it. If it happens that they become criminals, they are apt to be the craziest of all criminals who are not absolutely insane.

It has been stated in the news columns of sundry reputable newspapers that negotiations had been pending between a little squad of New York capitalists and Mrs. Bromfield Moore and Mr. Keeley, of Philadelphia, for the control of the Keeley motor, but that for various reasons they came to an end. The suggestion that Mr. Keeley's inventions, or dreams of invention, are sufficiently tangible or discernible to interest, even in a tentative degree, anything so incredulous as large blocks of capital is interesting enough to prompt one to wonder whether it is true.

Perhaps, by-the-way, it is inaccurate to speak of capital in large chunks as incredulous. One easily gets the impression that big money is timid, and can afford to wait and be sure. That is true to a certain extent. But, on the other hand, big money can afford to take a great many chances, and apparently does take them pretty liberally. A large surplus income may cover a great many financial indiscretions, and a lucky strike now and then may make up for a dozen ventures that didn't succeed. Rich men, who are supposed to be shrewd because they are rich, seem to make just as many wild-cat investments as the untutored poor, but when they win they win, and when they lose they can pay and say nothing.

The "poor degraded stage," if left to itself, holds up a mirror which, with each generation, gets more and more "warped." Some of the citizens of Boston, who have become tired of the preposterous images which these stage mirrors present, held a meeting last week to attempt to arrange for a co-operative subsidizing of a theatre in which a good stock company should give standard plays. The Boston public now nearly supports its Symphony Orchestra, though this great artistic success is still "underwritten" by its founder, Mr. Higginson. If this intelligent "underwriting" gives a city a great orchestra, would not the same method develop a good theatre? The money which the French nation gives annually to the Théâtre Français probably furnishes the world with more entertainment and education than does any equal amount of money expended anywhere.

Since State or municipal aid to theatres would be impossible under our laws, why should we not endow our theatres as we do our colleges and art museums? The subscribers to these endowment funds should have no special privileges; they should be treated in the same way as are the benefactors of our universities—that is, they should give for the mere glory of giving. All the seats should be sold for every performance, and the establishment should be a great public theatre.

It has long been an axiom that no educational institution can be managed as a money-making affair and do its best work. Is it not idle for us to expect a theatre to be the educational and refining influence it should be unless it be treated in the same liberal manner as are other instruments of refinement and cultivation?

A young French gentleman, Monsieur de Mauny Talvande, has, with the assistance of Mr. C. H. Gibson, Jun., of Boston, prepared a series of lectures to be delivered in French which are of great interest. Sympathetic relations between this country and France still exist, but it is probable that the people of these two countries are not well informed about the daily life of their hereditary friends. Monsieur de Mauny Talvande is to tell the Americans this winter of the customs, habits, and legends of the Normans; then more generally to speak of the effect of the abolition of all religious education in France upon the present generation.

He feels that religion in Latin countries has always been one of the strongest agencies operating against the spread of crime. It is his desire that the French families of high standing should regain their old ascendency over the peasant class, and by "university settlements," as it were, influence the inhabitants of their several neighborhoods to an appreciation of other than mere material enjoyments. In other words, he believes that modern French education starves the souls of the people, while it provides fairly well for their physical welfare; and he thinks that it should be supplemented by efforts of the more fortunate classes to establish sympathetic relations between those of high and low estate.

The simultaneous appearance of Lord and Lady Sholto Douglas in a comedy to be produced at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, is awaited with impatience. Lord Sholto is the youngest son of the Marquis of Queensberry, and since his first appearance in California has kept well before the public. His marriage to Loretta Mooney, a star of the local variety stage, was followed by an interesting battle with Lady Sholto's mother, every engagement being faithfully recorded in the daily press. Mrs. Mooney had but a poor opinion of her son-in-law, not only because of his threat to separate her from her daughter, but because of twenty dollars which she averred he owed her. The belligerents met at Los Angeles, where Mrs. Mooney threatened Lord Sholto with a horsewhip, and Lord Sholto threatened Mrs. Mooney with a pistol. Mrs. Mooney's threatening seems to have been the most efficacious, for she got her twenty dollars, and Lord Sholto and his wife fled from her and hid. They have now emerged from their place of concealment, and are about to brave the fierce white light which beats upon the stage. Lord Sholto does not have a "speaking part"; he is merely to stand about and mingle with the throng. Lady Sholto speaks, sings, and dances. Mrs. Mooney is sulking in her tent, and so far has made no sign.

The family of Robert Louis Stevenson left San Francisco for Samoa, *viâ* the Sandwich Islands, a week ago. They return to the plantation of Vailima for five years, if not for life. For several months they have lived in strict retirement in the old lodging-house at the intersection of Montgomery Street and Montgomery Avenue in San Francisco—once a place of business, now the headquarters of bohemia. The building is close to that strangely picturesque locality where every civilized nation of the earth seems to have its own little corner, and preserves a flavor of its national life. This portion of the city had a potent charm for Stevenson, and he has given some glimpses of it in *The Wrecker*. In the Kearney Street plaza, the very core of old San Francisco, the fountain to his memory is to be raised. This particular spot has been chosen, as round it concentrated the life of the city in the great days "when the water came up to Montgomery Street." The old City Hall, recently demolished, faced it, while Chinatown bounds it on the upper side—an appropriate spot for the memorial of the author who described San Francisco as "the great smelting-pot of nations."

A curious lawsuit has been instituted by Claus Spreckels against his sons, with whom the old sugar-baker is quarrelling. A piece of property in the Hawaiian Islands is involved; the title is in the name of a company in which the sons are the chief stockholders. The company has sued Mr. Spreckels in the courts of Hawaii to quiet the title. Whereupon the old man, who has instituted proceedings in our courts involving the same issues, has applied for an injunction to restrain the further prosecution of the suit in Hawaii. The question involved is whether a court in one country can divest the courts of another country of their jurisdiction over property within their bailiwick.

The agitation to induce the Republicans to hold their national convention in San Francisco is less active than it was. A fatal blow was dealt to the scheme by the declaration of the news agencies that their telegraphic facilities were inadequate. Disappointment prevails among enterprising citizens, who hoped great things from the convention. But some of the subscribers to the convention fund are bearing up with fortitude against a dénouement which will relieve them from the necessity of paying up their subscriptions.

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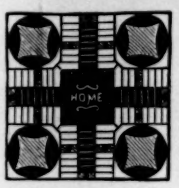

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"TOO LATE!"—A DANGER OF MOOSE-HUNTING.—Drawn by A. H. H. Heming.

MOOSE-HUNTING.

In the brave days of old, when man was at best a savage—perhaps a hardly human savage at that—there roamed over the regions of northern Europe a gigantic species of deer, the like of which is unknown in these degenerate times. It was a creature bearing antlers spreading ten feet or even more—a veritable giant of its tribe. Known to us only by the skeletons it left in beds of peat and marl, which have resisted the ravages of time, it has received posthumous name and fame as the Irish elk. The first title is hardly appropriate, since the creature was by no means confined to Ireland, even though its bones have been best preserved in that country; but an elk it plainly was, as announced to the least discerning by its broadly palmated antlers. The modern elk of Asia and Europe and America is plainly enough near of kin to this giant of old; if not a lineal descendant, at least an offshoot of the same family tree.

This modern elk, since his massive kinsman no longer remains aboveground to overshadow him, is known as the largest and most powerful existing representative of the cervine family. He stands seven or eight feet in height at the shoulder, weighs sometimes more than half a ton, and has antlers which weigh sixty or seventy pounds, and compass sometimes a spread of almost or quite five feet. His original *habitat* was very probably Asia, but, if so, he found his way in prehistoric times westward over northern Europe, and eastward across the supposititious Aleutian Islands channel to the American continent. Many centuries before the advent of civilized man the elk had firmly ensconced himself in the northern woods of what subsequently became the United States, and clear across the south central portions of the present British possessions. The early settlers of these regions must have recognized this great deer as practically identical with the one found in northern Europe, yet for some reason they chose to christen him anew. They adopted a modification of the Indian name, and the American representative of the tribe of elk has ever since been generally known as the moose. The name elk, which properly belongs to him, was given to an altogether different species, the wapiti.

The Indian name, of which moose is a corruption, is said to mean "wood-eater"; and the title is not inappropriate, for the elk is an habitual browser. His short neck does not permit him to reach the earth with facility, and he regularly feeds on leaves and young shoots of trees, and on bark and lichens. In summer he varies his diet with lily-pads and other aquatic vegetables, which he secures by wading.

Unlike most other species of the tribe of deer, the moose is in no sense a thing of beauty. Audubon's characterization of him as a creature "awkward in his gait, clumsy and disproportionate in limb, uncouth and inelegant in form," must be admitted to do him no injustice. Nevertheless, the moose is undoubtedly of all our game creatures the one most coveted by the hunter. No trophy, unless it be the skin of a grizzly bear, is so prized by the sportsman as the antlered head of a moose. Nor, with the same exception, is any other trophy secured at equal hazard of life and limb, provided the moose be taken in a sportsmanlike way, and put to no such unfair disadvantage as "crusting" or "jacking."

Our illustration tells a story that has been many times repeated in the annals of moose-hunting. Two Indian hunters, after a long chase, have overtaken a moose and fired upon him. The shots took effect, but only served to enrage the animal, which charged furiously upon its pursuers. With that long swinging stride, which is powerful even if awkward and ponderous, the great beast came crashing through the underbrush, and before the hunters could seek shelter had dashed one of them to the ground. As he fell the Indian drew his knife, and even as the moose gored and trampled him he managed to thrust it into the great beast's heart. Then he sank back unconscious and dying, while the moose, also done to death, staggered back, and standing with drooping head, yet with bristlingly defiant mane and still flashing eye, received the *coup de grace* from the other hunter, who, ensconced behind a rock, had reloaded his gun as hastily as possible, yet too tardily to save the life of his companion.

Such a fate may come to any one who hunts the moose by legitimate methods, but, of course, this element of danger serves only to give zest to the pursuit. Ordinarily, to be sure, the moose, like most other animals, seeks only to escape the presence of man when pursued; but when wounded, especially if fatigued, he is likely to charge the hunter, and during the rutting season he may do so even without such provocation. His onslaught at such a time is as ferocious as that of any feline beast, and the hunter who has stood his ground before such a charge and sent a decisive ball into the brain or shoulder of his foe has put his courage to a test as severe as it is likely ever to be called upon to endure.

The legitimate methods of pursuing the moose are by calling and still hunting. The former is practised during the rutting season, in the late autumn, by imitating the soft lowing of the cow or the louder voice of the bull, the implement employed being usually a horn made of birch bark. At this season the moose is incautious, crashing about through the forest in impatient search of a rival to give him battle. If deceived by the horn he comes on boldly, trampling the underbrush and clashing the branches in his fury, and sometimes even the sight of the unexpected human opponent does not cool his ire. It must not be supposed, however, that the mere novice can so call as to deceive and thus lure the animal to destruction. Skill in calling is the accomplishment of the practised woodsman, not of the casual amateur.

This method of hunting has the merit of destroying only the bull moose, but in point of the real sportsmanship it develops it is not to be compared with still hunting. To successfully still hunt a moose is to prove one's self a veritable master of woodcraft. Of course one may come across a rutting bull as it were by accident, so incautious do the animals sometimes then become. But at other seasons the moose is the shyest and most alert and the keenest-eared creature of the forest. Comparatively few amateur sportsmen can boast of having followed his trail, stolen a march on him, and won the game by outmatching his senses in this manner. Indeed, it used to be contended that this feat was beyond the capacity of any one but an Indian, but, of course, this is a palpable and often refuted exaggeration. Still, whoever has tried it knows that it is not a field in which the novice is likely to win laurels. It is questionable which is more astonishing, the extreme acuteness of the moose's sense of hearing or the shadowy silence with which the great antlered beast can steal away through the thickets. If he goes clashing through the woods during the frenzy of the rutting season it is only because his wits have temporarily forsaken him. When he chooses, he can glide away, even through underbrush, with the silence of a spirit.

And yet withal he is a clumsy beast when put to open flight, and his sprangly trot is about as awkward a gait as any animal could well contrive. It is even said, though I do not vouch for it, that his feet sometimes interfere to the extent of tripping him up, and that the belief, formerly current, to the effect that the animal is subject to epilepsy was due to this fact. Be this as it may, such a belief once found currency, and out of it grew the superstitious delusion that the hoof of the moose is a curative specific for epilepsy in the human subject.

The illegitimate methods of killing the moose, which unfortunately are all too commonly practised, are by jacking, hounding, and crusting. Jacking is shooting from behind a torch in a boat at night while the animal is feeding in the water. It requires no skill beyond silent paddling by the guide; and it fails to give the animal that chance for its life which true sportsmanship requires. Hounding of any species of deer is utterly reprehensible, and need only be mentioned to be condemned.

Crusting is pursuing the animal when a crust has formed on the deep snow in the woods that will support the hunter with or without snow-shoes, but will not of course support the moose. At such times the animals, if undisturbed, confine themselves to restricted areas of the woods, where they trample down the snow into what are termed yards, and feed within this area so long as any available bark remains on the trees within reach. To pursue the moose under such circumstances, and cause him to flounder off into the snow, where he is about as helpless as if he were hoppled, is a feat worthy of an Indian, but disgraceful for any one of greater pretensions.

Fortunately these unsportsmanlike methods of killing moose have now been declared illegal almost everywhere, and additional laws have so restricted the time of hunting and the number of head one hunter may kill in a season, that in many regions of the North, where moose was once threatened with extermination, these animals are now actually on the increase. There are probably more moose now in Maine and New Brunswick than there were ten years ago, thanks to the game-laws. Newspaper reports tell constantly of the securing of fine heads in the North woods the present season. A pure albino—a very great rarity with this species—is said to have been secured in Maine a few weeks ago.

There is reason to hope, therefore, that so long as large tracts of unbroken forests are to be found in the North, the moose may escape the fate that has overtaken the only two other mammoth ruminants of our continent, the bison and the wapiti, both of which have come so near to extermination.

Stoddard Goodhue.

AMATEUR SPORT

IT IS EMINENTLY FITTING that the New York Athletic Club should uphold the chairman of its Athletic Committee, Mr. "Bennie" Williams, and resign from the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, because the officials of that body had the temerity to object to being bullied by Mr. Williams, and the effrontery to request the New York Athletic Club to withdraw him as its delegate. So far as concerns the ethics of athletics, Mr. Williams and the N. Y. A. C. are agreed to a nicety. To support him, therefore, is the most consistent performance the N. Y. A. C. has made in recent years.

The club has long enough been sailing under false colors, and I congratulate the Governors in that they at last have decided to let the public know what a few of us have known for some time, to wit, that their regard for amateur sport extends just so far as it suits their convenience and as is consistent with the material success of the N. Y. A. C. in its speciality.

MR. WILLIAMS IS THE CHOSEN LEADER of the club. He fits the position and the position fits him.

Indeed, his club owes him a debt of gratitude which it is high time it set about liquidating. For was it not Mr. Williams who guided the footsteps of the N. Y. A. C. in almost its first descent from amateurism? Was it not he who stood sponsor for the honest amateur standing of all his hireling boxers upstairs, and downstairs handed them the cash that had been previously agreed upon? Was it not he who clogged the wheels of athletic justice when they had started to crush out these masquerading professionals? Did he not consistently and secretly use his utmost endeavors to wreck the cause of amateur sport through boxing, and has he not openly, over and over again, vowed his purpose to disrupt the Amateur Athletic Union? It is therefore entirely congruous that the N. Y. A. C. should, on its part, support its most prominent member. Surely one good turn deserves another.

THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE of the N. Y. A. C., now in session, can do no less than head its ticket with Mr. Williams, flanked on either side by his friends Gulick and that partner in the old Columbia boxing club, whose name I forget, but which surely can be found in illuminated letters on the N. Y. A. C.'s list of honorables. Thereafter the N. Y. A. C. should resign from the A. A. U. and join the Pittsburg belligerents (who also have a grievance against the A. A. U. because that body would not permit them to pass off professional boxers as amateurs), and these two might form a little association of their own, in which Williams, Gulick, and the erstwhile boxing-club side partner can officiate as prosecutor, judge, and jury, and where they might procure athletes from all quarters of the United States, and, unquestioned, feed them all winter as well as all summer.

FROM TIME TO TIME, as this department has criticised the methods of the N. Y. A. C., I have received letters asking me to suspend criticism while I considered what a "boon" the club had been to amateur athletics in the United States. As the letters were invariably anonymous, I never had the opportunity of gaining the information that no doubt my correspondents must have had. I have sought diligently for several years to discover what real benefit the club has done the cause of amateur sport. I know its officials plume themselves on the fillip given competitive athletics through the efforts of the "winged foot," but if any of them will give me of his stock of information something tangible to show that the "efforts" have not been more harmful than beneficial I shall be very much indebted.

MEANWHILE LET US HAVE A LOOK for ourselves as to what the N. Y. A. C. has done for amateur athletics in America. It is the oldest athletic club in the United States, organized by William B. Curtis, one of the rarest types of sportsman of my acquaintance, and the unquestioned athletic authority of America.

In the old days the club's environment was humble, its treasury slim, and its members limited; but its surroundings were in keeping with the simple honesty of its purpose and the directness of its efforts. There were few games given in those days, and the prizes had little intrinsic value, but the races were between *bona fide* members of the club, all of them honest amateurs, whose consideration for the reward was inconsiderable compared with their love for the sport and the pleasure of the contest.

Time went on, and the club grew, and moved into its present quarters, and the old spirit remained, and its athletes were gentlemen whose amateur standing was beyond question, and whose interest in the winning did not go beyond the glory represented by hard-earned victory. And then the old Manhattan Athletic Club made its appearance in the arena, and for a year or so the rivalry was healthful and the condition of sport wholesome, but by-and-by sport for sport's sake was lost sight of in the heated struggle of sport for the sake of winning.

IT IS A FACT THAT THE M. A. C. began the dishonesty by impressing athletes into its service, by shattering all the preconceptions of an amateur through its training table, expenses, inducements, and sinecure clerical positions, kept on tap as merest subterfuge. The M. A. C. was a dissolute offender. It ran its course in a few short years, and finally went down in the wreck which its own extravagance and athletic dishonesty had created; and in death benefited athletics more than it had in life.

IF THE N. Y. A. C. WAS NOT THE ORIGINAL OFFENDER, it certainly was a facile imitator and an able second. Its efforts at that time may not have shone with so much effulgence on the cinder track as those of the M. A. C.—failing rather in the peculiar auctioneering skill which characterized and scandalized the "Cherry Diamond" than in lack of endeavor. But the N. Y. A. C. did shine in the boxing department, and it was in this connection that Mr. Williams first revealed the athletic legerdemain which at once made him the apple of his club's legislative eye, and endeared him to the hearts of the N. Y. A. C. members. All honest friends of amateur sport were convinced that the class of boxers at that time posing as amateurs were professionals.

Mr. Williams did not propose to let their great rival get the better of them in the gymnasium, so the present chairman of the N. Y. A. C.'s Athletic Committee went into the highways and byways of the city and got the best scrappers to be had, and these boxed in the gymnasium of his club, under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, proclaimed as amateurs by Mr. Williams, when all the while he was paying them cash, or its equivalent, for their work. Meanwhile, too, Mr. Williams was running a little private boxing club on his own account, under the name of the Columbia Athletic Club, where a choice selection of spirits gathered to witness slugging of the east and west side muckers—Williams's "amateurs." But these matters ran their course, and finally, because of the resolute stand taken by president W. B. Curtis of the Metropolitan Association, ended in collapse, and "Bennie" Williams's amateurs were declared professionals, although Williams himself, at the trial of one notorious slugger, refused, when requested by the Association, to furnish evidence which he had in his possession. Mr. Williams was wise in his generation, for the evidence he held would have damned him as well as Cahill.

COMING DOWN NOW TO THE LAST YEAR OR SO, let us make another attempt to discover that "boon" the N. Y. A. C. is said to have provided for amateur sport. It has scoured the country with its drag-net for athletes, and attached all those whose ideals of sport were not high enough to speak of, and to whom the tempting lure of luxurious training-quarters was irresistible. It has maintained training-quarters at Travers Island, where from a dozen to twenty athletes have been fed and housed throughout the entire summer season. It has "attached" men like Mitchell and Conneff, who made no attempt at supporting themselves meanwhile, and it has brought Orton and Gray and Wefers and Bloss several hundred miles from their residences, where, if athletically inclined, they should have remained to represent their home clubs. I am ignoring Stage and Crum, because these two men were brought on for the special purpose of the international contest, and my criticisms here are on the usual and not the unusual methods of the N. Y. A. C.

In the last few years the New York club has not developed a single athlete that I can recall, outside of Tommy Lee. It has, instead, played the veritable athletic harpy, awaiting the development of athletes by small clubs, and carrying them off to share in the luxuries of Travers Island, which the $30,000 to $40,000 annual appropriation makes attractive in more ways than one.

FAR FROM BEING A BENEFIT, the N. Y. A. C. has been absolutely a detriment to amateur sport of this country in the last few years. By grabbing up all the athletes in the country it has ruined the smaller clubs. It has made it impossible for them to live, let alone thrive. It has discouraged provincial participation in athletics, by "inducing" and spiriting away its best material, and shown an evident disregard for everything save the winning of its own team. It has left absolutely nothing undone to the success of its own athletes, but it has literally killed competitive athletics in this immediate section of the Eastern States. A half-dozen years ago there were a dozen little clubs in this vicinity, each one of which had some good athletic material, and all of them gave annual games.

Last year, besides the games of the N. Y. A. C. and the New Jersey A. C., I did not hear of a single athletic meeting in this immediate vicinity. The N. Y. A. C. has not only strangled the smaller clubs and crushed the growth of athletics, but it has defied the Amateur Athletic Union.

IF THE OFFICERS OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION had had the courage of their convictions the present break between the N. Y. A. C. and the official body would have come long ago, and it is too bad that it did not. The A. A. U. officers have known for several years that the N. Y. A. C. was stretching the training expense question far beyond its rightful limit. They have known that the course of the N. Y. A. C. was an absolute menace to amateur sport, but they have not had courage enough to rule against the club. The N. Y. A. C. has practically run athletics in the Atlantic division of the A. A. U., and it has run them to their death. "Boon" forsooth!

AND THIS IS WHAT THE N. Y. A. C. has done for amateur athletics in America. This is the "boon" of which we have heard; that it has infected our athletics with the spirit of professionalism, whereas formerly there was a spirit of sport; that it has brought into the competition a band of mercenaries (though there are, thank Heaven, some exceptions), in the place of the gentlemen, such as the late Walter Dohm, Baxter, Coster, Cochrane, and Jordan, who once wore its emblem; that it has made the athletics of the club the means of attaining notoriety and of entertaining members, rather than of inciting a general spirit of sport and the development of winners from among its own members; that it has set a most harmful example to the clubs of the country generally, which has in its detrimental influences swept over the entire West.

If this is what the N. Y. A. C. as a body prides itself upon, it would be a blessing indeed to the A. A. U. and to amateur athletics in the United States if the N. Y. A. C. resigned from the A. A. U. If it is the work of a clique, then the sooner the N. Y. A. C. does a little house-cleaning the quicker it will obtain the respect of sportsmen.

AS FOR THE A. A. U., while I congratulate it on having at last screwed up its courage to the sticking-point, it must bear its share with the N. Y. A. C. of condemnation for the present unwholesome condition of amateur athletics in this part of the country. Its policy has always been weak. Its legislation halting and timid. Its officers have never seemed to have courage enough to speak their own mind or to carry out the rules, which in private conference they agreed upon, but lacked strength to enforce in public. It has made a miserable fiasco of athletic legislation. It has permitted the N. Y. A. C. to tread on the ethics of amateur sport in a shameful manner. It has been a coward at its work, first, last, and always. It might better have split and gone to smithereens long ago, in its efforts to keep sport clean, than to live on the bounty (for that is practically what it amounts to) of the N. Y. A. C. and one or two other of the large clubs.

ONE OR TWO MEN IN THE A. A. U. have honestly tried to do what they could to better the condition and to carry out the laws of the Union, but they have been overwhelmed by the protests and influence of the other members of the boards, and there is no excuse for them, for they should have had strength of character enough to stand up for the right despite consequences.

The present condition of the A. A. U. is another striking illustration of the unhealthful results that must always obtain where honesty is not regarded as the best policy.

If there is a semblance of athletic self-respect left in the official board of the A. A. U. it will retrieve our esteem by legislating in accordance with its rules and in the spirit of sport for sport's sake.

I have written very earnestly and unreservedly on this matter, because the New York Athletic Club stands before the world as representative of American athletics—because its ways and means are taken as model for the hundreds of clubs throughout the United States, and because on that account whatever vicious practices it cultivates strike at the very health and life of American amateur athletics. It is because of this influence, too, that I beg the sportsmen of the N. Y. A. C. to unite in an effort to make their club worthy its position.

I CANNOT DISMISS THIS SUBJECT without some comment on the outrageous statements that have been made in the London *Field* and in *The Sporting Life* anent athletics in our clubs and universities. Heaven knows, the condition of our club athletics is bad enough without being distorted beyond all recognition. These English papers have asserted that our club athletes run for money, which is false, of course, as are most things that appear in English papers concerning American sport. I keep pretty close watch of these matters, and I know of but few instances in my experience where a club athlete ran for money, and in every case it was in a provincial district, where the error was more from ignorance than from viciousness, and the offender promptly punished.

OUR ATHLETIC SINS are the extravagant training tables, the inducements held out to athletes of board and lodging during the summer, and possibly a clerkship furnished during the winter. I know of no track athlete who has absolutely been paid money.

As for the *Field's* and *The Sporting Life's* assertions that our university athletes are similarly treated by the universities, the claim is too diametrically opposed to fact even to merit a denial. I can but wonder at papers of position printing stuff that can hardly be excused on the ground of ignorance, and which reads much like wilful misrepresentation. Still, after what the *Field* has published concerning the last *America's* Cup race, I suppose we may expect anything. It would be as well, however, if the English papers got a little nearer facts. Criticism that is not honest, that is based on ignorance, does not command respect.

TO ME—WHO SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS in England studying English athletics, past and present—the "holier-than-thou" attitude assumed by the English press is exasperating beyond endurance. Our club athletics are purity *in excelsis* compared with the situation in England, where men are supported, are literally owned in individual cases, by book-makers, and run to order, where there is as much wire-pulling as ever occurred at our old Guttenburg horse-racing track, and where their own athletic association, which corresponds to our A. A. U., is as conversant with the facts as I am, and does not dare to claim its soul as its own. The condition of athletics throughout England is beyond the comprehension of any one who has not been there and studied for himself.

This is not in the spirit of recrimination; merely in defence against the columns of abuse that have been heaped upon American athletics since the visitation of the London A. C. team. We have, both of us, England and America, enough to occupy our attention at home, without looking across the water for unhealthfulness.

As for the querulousness of the London A. C. against the N. Y. A. C. for scouring the country in search of athletes to strengthen the international team, it is a very ludicrous exhibition of "pot calling the kettle black." The London A. C. Club directed its energies to strengthening its team by gathering in athletes from England and Ireland and Scotland, and the N. Y. A. C. followed its example. That the American club beat its Old World rival was not from greater activity in recruiting, but from better initial material.

Some time ago I wrote in these columns that the English sporting press did not in its carping represent the sportsmen of England. If we were to judge by the comments of this past year in the *Field* and *Sporting Life*, we should conclude that Englishmen are not good losers. I am still firm in my opinion that, as a rule, the English gentlemen of the class, for instance, represented by Horan, Lutyens, Jordan, and Oakley, whom we had with us this year, are good sportsmen. Unfortunately gentlemen seem rare on the English sporting press. It is rarely, too, a "quitter" like Dunraven is developed on the British Isles from any class. He is an exception.

THE ATHLETIC SITUATION IN THE EAST, as represented by the relations between the N. Y. A. C. and the A. A. U., has occupied so much of my space this week, unusually restricted because of the holiday number of the WEEKLY, that I shall be obliged to defer the continued discussion of professionalism in Western athletics until the next issue. And I may say, in passing, that I have discovered nothing as yet to change the criticisms of a few weeks ago.

It is impossible to reply to all the letters I have received in regard to this matter, and I take this opportunity of thanking those who have corroborated and supported me, and of commiserating with those others who have not yet seen the error of their ways. It is the duty of every sportsman in the country who has the interest of amateur sport earnestly at heart to collaborate with me in this effort to cast out the uncleanly.

IF THE NEW ENGLISH SPORTING MAGAZINE, *Badminton*, expects serious consideration in America, it must clear its columns of such misstatement and prejudiced and ignorant argument as revealed by the paper on the *America* Cup in its November issue.

LAST WEEK THE "TYPES" incorrectly gave Cornell a 6–0 football victory over Lafayette, which belongs to the latter.

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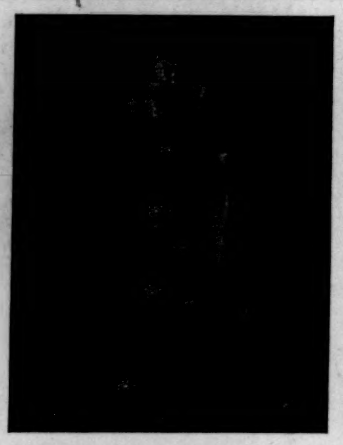

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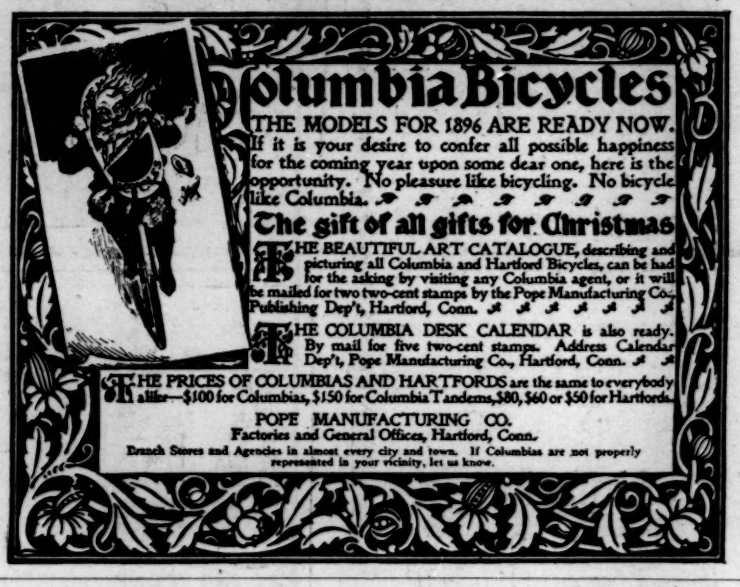
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